Endymion Walker Exeter.

LIFE REVIEW'D:

A

POEM;

FOUNDED ON REFLECTIONS UPON THE SILENT INHABITANTS OF THE

CHURCH-YARD of TRURO,

IN THE

COUNTY of CORNWALL.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

ANELOGY

ON THE LATE

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years Curate of that Borough.

By E. SMITH.

The cleareſt View of Life that Mortals have,
Is taken near ſome honourable Grave:
Then let's not fail its eſtimate to make,
Before the final Trumpet ſounds — Awake!

EXETER:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR, by B. THORN.

MDCCLXXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mrs. WILLS,

Wife of the Rev. Thomas Wills, late of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.

MADAM,

THE conſtant Practice of Benevolence, Piety, and Humanity, wherein you exerciſed yourſelf during your Reſidence in Cornwall; more than thoſe honourable Titles by which your Family is diſtinguiſhed; is the Motive that induces me to dedicate the following Sheets to your Patronage; being aſſured, that the habitual Goodneſs of your Heart, which overflows with univerſal Love to all, will incline you to overlook the conſequent Errors of an inaccurate Pen, and pardon the Liberty of endeavouring to veil its Defects under the Sanction of a Name, which every ſincere Friend to Virtue and Chriſtianity muſt revere.

I flatter myſelf that, tho' the Execution of this ſmall Work comes vaſtly ſhort of doing Juſtice to the Merits of thoſe whoſe Memory is hereby attempted to be perpetuated, the Deſign alone will recommend it to the Approbation of you and the excellent Gentleman, who (next to the Supreme Being) holds the firſt Place in your Affections; and is a competent Judge, how far Truth hath guided this

this faint Deſcription of their different Characters; particularly that of the truly Pious Divine, from whom he, and many other eminent Chriſtians, received their moſt early and ſalutary Inſtructions.

No intereſted Views from opulent Survivors, have herein dictated to the Pen; neither are undeſerved Encomiums laviſhed on the Deceaſed, nor fabulous Virtues laid down as a Pattern for Imitation.

You are yourſelf, Madam, a living Evidence, that uniform Goodneſs is not impracticable:---The unwearied Aſſiduity, and various Methods whereby you endeavoured to promote and encourage Religion and Piety around you, are ſtill recent in the Memory of Hundreds in the Neighbourhood, lately bleſſed with your Reſidence; and the loud Lamentations and Floods of Tears ſhed by the Indigent at your Departure (of which I was a Witneſs), teſtified, that you Fed the Hungry, Cloathed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame.---Under theſe Conſiderations, I have preſumed to Addreſs this Poem to you, and if it is found worthy your Acceptance, it will add to the Favours already received from you, and confer the greateſt Honour on,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged

humble Servant,

E. SMITH.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A

SIR John St. Aubyn, bart. Clowance
Mrs. P. Allen, Falmouth
Mr. Iſaac Andrew, Falmouth
Mr. Thomas Andrew, ditto
Mr. William Angove, ditto
Matthew Alliſon, Eſq; ditto
Mr. John Adams, Penryn
Mr. James Addiſon, Helſtone
Mr. Tobias Atkins, Helſtone
Mr. John Angwin, Penzance
Mr. John Anthony, St. Ives
Mr. James Arthur, St. Ives
Mr. Francis Adams, St. Ives
Mr. George Aunger, Redruth
Mr. Zacheus Andrew, St. Erm
Mr. James Adams, Truro
Mrs. Allen, Truro
Mr. Peter Angove, St. Columb
Mr. Thomas Avard, St. Auſtell
Mr. John Anear, Probus
Mr. Richard Anear, Probus
Mr. Nathaniel Aver, Tregony
Miſs Eliz. Andrew, Probus
Mr. Joſeph Andrew, Plymouth-Dock
Mr. James Andrews, ditto
Mr. George Aſhweek, ditto
Mr. John Auſtin (ſail-maker), ditto
Mr. James Abbot (ſhipwright), ditto
Mr. John Auvray (ſurgeon), ditto
Mr. Geo. Rogers Aers (cooper), Victualling-office, Plymouth
Mr. Jos. Auſten (com. brewer), Plymouth
Addis Archer, Eſq; Plymouth
Mr. Nic. Adams (Angel), ditto
Edward Archer, Eſq; ditto
Mr. James Adams, Stonehouſe
Mr. Thomas Atwell, Totnes
Mr. John Adams, Exeter
Mr. John Abell, Tiverton
Mr. William Adams, Tiverton
Mr. Richard Alford, Exeter
Mr. James Ayre, Starcroſs

B

Sir Francis Baſſet, bart. Tehidy
Stephen Bell, Eſq; Falmouth
Rev. Mr. Thomas Bell, ditto
Mr. William Boulderſon, ditto
Mr. James Bluett, Falmouth
Mr. John Brown, Falmouth
Mr. Joſeph Banfield, Falmouth
Mr. Philip H. Bruſh, Falmouth
Mr. James Blaxland, Falmouth
Mr. Peter Billard, Falmouth
Mr. James Bull, Falmouth
Mr. Richard Byrn, Falmouth
Mr. John Bunny, Falmouth
Mr. Michael Blamey, Falmouth
Mr. Henry Buckpit, Falmouth
Mr. Joſiah Balſdon, Falmouth
Mrs. Eliza Baker, Fluſhing
Mr. Dennis O'Brien, Fluſhing
Mr. Samuel Bawden, Falmouth

Mr. James Babbidge, Penryn
Mrs. Eliz. Buckingham, ditto
Mr. Edward Bolitho, Penryn
Mrs. M. A. Bawden, Penwarne
Mr. Samuel Berſey, Menacken
Miſs Bridgman, Tremayne
Mr. George Boone, St. Kevern
Mr. Sam. Boulden, St. Kevern
Mr. John Borlaſe, Helſtone
Mr. John Blake, Helſtone
Mr. William Baron, Helſtone
Mr. Thomas Barons, Marazion
George Blewett, Eſq; Marazion
Mr. D. Bamfield, Marazion
Mr. John Bevan, Marazion
Mr. John Boaſe, Newlyn, 2 books
Mr. Stephen Barnes, ſenior, Mouſehole
Mr. Simon Boaſe, Boſcawan
Mr. Charles Boaſe, Boſcawan
Mrs. Browne, Boſkenna
Mr. Wm. Boſuſtow, Treveddren
Mrs. Eliz. Baynard, St. Buryan
Mr. Jaˢ. Boſuſtow, jun. ditto
Mrs. Jane Batten, Newlyn
Mrs. P. Bodinar, Newlyn
Mr. John Boaſe, Newlyn-bridge
Mr. James Bennetts, St. Juſt
Mr. William Bennetts, St. Juſt
Mr. Richard Boſſence, junior, St. Creet
Mr. Richard Boſſence, Trekenho
Mrs. Eliz. Bevan, Trengothell
Mr. John Beard, Penzance
Mr. Joſeph Batten, Penzance
Mrs. Ann Burges, Penzance
Mr. Thomas Broad, Penzance
Mr. John Blewett, Marazion
Mr. Wm. Badcock, St. Buryan
Mr. William Boaſe, Penzance
Mr. Francis Bradley, Mount
Mr. William Bannick, Penzance
Miſs Mary Borlaſe, Penzance
Sam. Borlaſe, eſq. Caſtle-hornick
Thomas Bodilly, jun. Penzance
Mr. Rd. Berryman, Towednack
Mr. W. Baragwanath, Ludgvan
Mr. Richard Banfield, Hayle
Rev. Mr. John Bennett, Gwinear
Mr. Geo. Bennetts, Camborne
Mr. Wm. Bryant, Camborne
Mr. John Burrell, Gwinear
Mr. Mat. Bennetts, Camborne
Mr. James Bennetts, Camborne
Mr. Peter Budge, Camborne
Miſs Mary Blight, Camborne
Mr. Noel Bryant, Illogan
Mr. John Bennet, St. Agnes
Mr. John Benny, St. Agnes
Mr. John Bennet, jun. Redruth
Mr. Richard Bolitho, Redruth
Miſs Mary Bevan, Redruth
Mr. John Baſtard, jun. Truro
Mr. Rd. Buckland, jun. Truro
Mr. John Buckland, Truro
Mr. John Bland, Truro
Mr. Francis Bennallack, jun. Truro
Mr. William Brewer, Truro
Mr. Charles Bennett, Truro
Mr. Francis Bennallack, Truro
Mr. William Bone, Truro
Mr. John Turnavine Budd, St. Columb Minor
Mr. Malachi Bice, St. Enoder
Mr. Francis Brown, jun. St. Erm
Mrs Honor Blight, St. Columb
Rev. Mr. Thomas Biddulph, Padſtow
Mrs. E. Biſhop, Padſtow
Mrs. Betty Brewer, Padſtow
Mr. William Bazeley, Padſtow
Mrs. Martha Brown, Truro
Mr. Peter Biddick, St. Auſtell
Mr. Wm. Bennallick, St. Auſtell
Mr. John W. Bonython, Grampound
Mr. Francis Bridges, ditto

Mr. Richard Banfield, Tregony
Mr. Luke Ball, Gerrans
Mr. William Bennett, Gerrans
Mrs. Mary Bawden, St. Mawes
Mr. R. Blake, St. Mawes
Mr. James Bellman, St. Mawes
Mr. Joſeph Bellman, St. Mawes
Mrs. Mary Brodrick, Fowey
Mrs. Elizabeth Ball, Fowey
Mrs. Amey Ball, Fowey
Mr. Ralph Bedeller, Fowey
Mr. William Buchan, Fowey
Rev. Mr. J. Baron, Loſtwithiel
Mrs. J. Bower, Loſtwithiel
Mr. Samuel Bake, ditto
Mr. William Blewett, ditto
Mrs. C. Biddick, ditto
Mr. James Bennett, Milbrook
Mr. Thomas Borlace, ditto
Mr. John Borlace, ditto
Mr. Samuel Bridgman, ditto
Mr. Matthew Burlace, ditto
Mr. Nat. Booth, Kingſand
Mr. William Broughton, ditto
Mr. Lawrence Bray, ditto
Mr. Stephen Booth, ditto
Mr. John Bunt, Cawſand
Mr. Ambroſe Bowden, ditto
Capt. George Borlaſe, Bedford Regiment
Mr. John Beſt, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Andrew Banfield, ditto
Mr. John Bailey (attorney), ditto
Mr. Robert Burt, ditto
Mr. Henry Bradlick, ditto
Mr. John Burley, ditto
Mr. Thomas Burdy, Tarpoint
Mr. James Burt (New Inn), Buckland Down
Mr. Ephraim Booth, Plymouth
Mr. G. Bently, Mutton-Cove
Mr. Nicholas Broad (rigger), Dock-yard
Mr. J. Bews (ſail-maker), ditto
Mr. T. Billing, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Edward Boddington, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Blight, ditto
Mr. Rd. Brimblecombe (ſheer-hulk), ditto
Mr. H. Bunſter, Fluſhing
Mr. Samuel Blake, Plymouth
Mr. Thomas Baſs, ditto
Mr. J. Bendell (exciſe-officer), Four Caſtles, ditto
Mr. J. Blake (goldſmith), ditto
Mr. John Bellman, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Burn, ditto
Mrs. Mary Blake, ditto
Miſs Elizabeth Brown, ditto
Mr. John Bennett, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, ditto
Mrs. Mary Body, ditto
Mr. John Berry (glazier), ditto
Mr. Samuel Brent, jun. ditto
Mr. T. Baſtow, ditto
Mr. William Bond, ditto
Mr. John Brend, ditto
Mrs. Ann Bowdon, ditto
Mr. Robert Boxhall, ditto
Mr. B. Bunce (ſurgeon), ditto
Mr. John Bicknell, ditto
Mr. O. Beater, Kingſteignton, nigh Newton-Buſhell
Mr. John Brown, Ridgeway
Mr. John Bowen, Oreſton
Mrs. Sarah Broad, ditto
Mr. Bickerſon, Saltaſh
Mr. Thomas Bickell, Tamerton
Mr. William Brock, ditto
Mr. Tho. Byrd (London Inn), Ivey-Bridge
Mr. George Brand, Bridgetown
Mr. T. Byrdall, Newton-Abbot
Mrs. Mary Buckland, Exeter
Mrs. Chriſtian Bickell, ditto
Mrs. E. Brutton, (Oat-ſheaf), ditto
Mr. Edward Bartlett, ditto

Miss Jane Bruce, Tiverton
Mr. Edward Boyce, ditto
Mr. John Bryant, ditto
Mr. James Bryant, ditto
Mrs. Susannah Bidgood, ditto
Mr. William Brooks, ditto
Mr. Thomas Bidgood, ditto
Mr. Richard Brimson, ditto
Mr. Brand, Bampton
Mr. Joseph Baker, Silverton
Charles Baring, esq; Exeter
Mr. Robert Buxton, ditto
Mr. Nicholas Bidgood, ditto
Mr. Matthew Bowden, ditto
Mr. Thomas Bezzell, ditto
Mr. J. Bollon (St Thomas), ditto
Mr. James Burrow, ditto
Mrs. Mary Bedford, ditto
Mr. H. Bartlett (baker), ditto
Mr. J. Bennett, (St. George's Lodge) ditto
Mr. Edward Bury, ditto
Mrs. Mary Bodley, Alphington
Robert Barber, esq; ditto
Mr. Charles Barber, Secretary St. George's Lodge, King's Dragoon Guards
Mr. Ralph Burrows, W. P. M. St. George's Lodge, King's Dragoon Guards
Mr. Thomas Bromage, W. J. W. St. George's Lodge, King's Dragoon Guards
Mrs. Grace Bibbens, Teignmouth
Mrs. Mary Brown, Starcross
Mr. James Bulkeley, ditto
Mr. J. Bucknell, (watch-maker) Crediton
Mr. John Boutcher, Broadclist
Mr. Charles Boutcher, ditto
Mr. John Bellhouse, Falmouth
Mr. Hen. Brutton, Cullompton
Mr. William Brown, ditto

C

Sir John Chetwode, bart. Exeter
Hon. C. Clifford
Mr. Richard Carne, Falmouth
Mr. Thomas Clarke, Falmouth
Mr. James Copenger, Falmouth
Mrs. Margaret Crosby, ditto
Mr. Wm. Carkeet, Falmouth
Mr. John Croft, Falmouth
Mr. Philip Coombe, Flushing
Mr. Edward Curtis, Flushing
Mr. Wm. Cock, (Post-master) Penryn
Mr. Thos. Croggan, Penryn
William Crowgey, Esq. ditto
Mrs. Margaret Clies, Penryn
Mr. James Crowl, Penryn
Mr. John Champion, Coverack
Mr. Peter Cock, St. Kevern
Mr. Charles Carne, Helstone
Mr. Richard Chapel, Helstone
Mr. Thos. Colman, Marazion
Mr. Thomas Carne, Marazion
Mr. Charles Carter, St. Hillary
Mr. M. Chirquen, Newlyn
Mr. Wm. Chenhalls, St. Just
Mr. Robert Colenso, Penzance
Mr. Josias Cock, St. Ives
Mr. Rd. Hichens Couch, ditto
Mr. J. Curgenven, Ludgvan
Mrs. Eliz. Curnow, St. Erth
Mrs. Mary Curnow, St. Erth
Mrs. Margt. Carbines, St. Erth
Mr. Stephen Carkeek, Redruth
Mr. John Carkeek, Redruth
Mrs. M. Cranch, Truro
Rev. Mr. Cornelius Cardew, Truro
Mr. Oliver Adams Carveth, Truro
Mr. William Chappel, Truro
Mr. Richard Cock, Truro
Mr. Josiah Cock, Truro
Mr. T. Clutterbuck, jun. Truro

Mr. John Clifford, Truro
Mr. Paſko Crocker, Truro
Mr. W. Curgenven, Tregothnan
Mr. Richard Croſſman, Kenwyn
Mr. John Chriſtian, Cubert
Mr. James Callaway, Cubert
Mr. Nic. Clemow, St. Columb
Mr. Richard Curgenven, Truro
Mrs. Eliz. Carvolth, St Columb
Mr. Alex. Campbell, Padſtow
Mr. John Carne, St. Auſtel
Mr. John Carthew, St. Auſtel
Mr. Wm. Chivers, St. Auſtel
Mr. John Courtenay, Truro
Mr. Nicholas Carveth, Probus
Mr. James Charles, Probus
Mr. Joſeph Carne, Calenick
Edward Cragoe, eſq. Gerrans
Rev. Mr. Wm. Corniſh, ditto
Mr. Nic. Canning, St. Anthony
Mr. Nicholas Cock, St. Mawes
Penhallow Cuming, eſq. St. Juſt
Mr. Hugh Collett, St. Juſt
Mr. John Corniſh, St. Juſt
Mr. J. Copenger, Feock, 2 books
Thos. Carlion, eſq. Tregreham
Captain William Carlion
Rev. Mr. N. Cory, V. of Fowey
Mr. Tho. Courts, (ſchool-maſter) Fowey
Mrs. Sarah Congdon, Fowey
Mrs. Jennefer Carne, Fowey
Mr. John Coppleſtone, Fowey
John Courts, eſq. (collector) Fowey
Mrs. Ann Crouch, Fowey
Mr. William Collins, Fowey
Mr. Thomas Collings, Fowey
Miſs J. Contencin, Fowey
Mr. T. Curteys, St. Winnow
Mr. Philip Cliverton, Milbrook
Mr. Edward Chubb, Milbrook
Mrs. Grace Chubb, Milbrook
Mr. Benj. Chubb, Milbrook
Mr. Richard Colmer, Milbrook
Mr. Jas. Clark, jun. Kingſand
Mrs. Sarah Ching, Kingſand
Mr. N. Colmer, Cawſand
Mr. R. Cuming, Plymouth dock
Mr. Jonathan Curtis, Barbican, Plymouth
Mr. J. Crowl (blackſmith), Dock-yard
Mr. Hen. Collins (ſmith), ditto
Mr. J. Cooke, Plymouth-dock
Mr. William Couch, ditto
Mr. George Coryton, ditto
Mr. Samuel Ekines Collings, ditto
Mr. Charles Carpenter, ditto
Mrs. Catharine Craft, ditto
Mr. T. Cox (St. Aubyn-ſtreet), ditto
Mr. Francis Cock, Plymouth
Dr. Colwell, ditto
Mr. Wm. Crees (Broad-ſtreet), ditto
Mr. William Cowling, ditto
Mr. Richard Churchill, ditto
Mr. Richard Cummings, ditto
Mr. Robert Churchward, ditto
Mr. Peter Coun (Market ſtreet), ditto
Mr. Peter Crapp (brewer), ditto
Mr. Jacob Chaille, ditro
Mr. Jonathan Cumbe, ditto
Mr. Thomas Cove, ditto
Mr. Thomas Chriſty, ditto
John Clarke, eſq; Saltaſh
Mr. J. Cummings, Plymouth-dock
Mr. James Couch, Kingſand
Mr. Richard Cranch, Totnes
Mr. Richard Cole, ditto
Mr. Samuel Clark, Topſham
Mr. John Cawley, ditto
Mr. William Coombe, Exeter

Mr. Edmund Coffin (St. John's Lodge), Exeter
Mr Philip Corniſh, Secretary St. John's Lodge), ditto
Mr. Charles Cunningham, ditto
Mr. Thomas Cullimore (St. John's Lodge), ditto
Mrs. Cartwright, ditto
Mr. Richard Critchett (jeweller), ditto
Mrs. Mary Cruwys (St. Thomas) ditto
John Codrington, eſq; R.W.D. P.G M. Devon and Exeter
Mr. S. Coombe (ſchool-maſter), ditto
Mr. William Colſon, ditto
Mr. Thomas Coffin, ditto
Rev. Mr. Jas. Carrington, ditto
Mr. James Collins (merchant), ditto
Mr. Robert Corniſh, ditto
Mrs. Coſſerat, ditto
Mrs. Mary Corniſh, ditto
Mr. John Cunningham, ditto
Mr. John Campione, ditto
Mrs. Jemima Cawley, ditto
James Charter, eſq; (collector) ditto
Mrs. J. Crumpe, Tiverton
Rev. Mr. John Cruwys, ditto
Miſs E. Coſſerat, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Carter, ditto
Mr. Samuel Clarke, ditto
Mr. Peter Carthew, ditto
Mr. William Curie, ditto
Mr. John Cleave, ditto
Rev. Mr. Cruwys, ditto
Mr. James Croſſe, Halberton
Rev. Mr. Clapp, Bickleigh
Mr. Wm. Chipp, Silverton
Mr. Charles Chown, Peamore
Mr. T. Cockran, (St. George's Lodge), King's Dragoon Guards
Rev. Mr. Edward Cove, Teignmouth
Mr. Joſeph Callender (Globe), ditto
Mr. Henry Chapman, Heavitree
Miſs Elizabeth Call, Ide

D

Sir John Duntze, bart. Exeter
Mr. Aaron Deliſſer, Falmouth
Mr. Richard Davis, ditto
Mrs. Eliz. Daſhwood, ditto
Mr. Nicholas Dixon, ditto
Mr. Lewes Downton, Fluſhing
Mr. E. Dunſterville, Penryn
Mr. George Davey, ditto
Rev. Mr. R. Dillon, jun. ditto
Mr. Mark Daniell, Coverack
Mr. William Dyke, Germoe
Mr. Wm. Dobb, jun. Breage
Miſs M. Dickenſon, Penzance
Mr. Robert Davey, ditto
Mr. William Davey, ditto
Mrs. Grace Dennis, ditto
Mrs. Suſannah Daniell, ditto
Mrs. E. Dennis, ditto
Mr. Alex. Dennis, Trembath
Mr. John Dunkin, St. Erth
Mr. John Daniell, St. Agnes
Mr. Mark Daniell, Vicarage St. Agnes
Mr. Richard Davey, Illogan
Mrs. E. Daniell, Truro
Mr. Thomas Devonſhire, ditto
Mr. Thomas Dickinſon, ditto
Mr. George Dunkin, Probus
Mr. Robert Drew, junr. ditto
Mrs. Mary Dillon, Gerrons
Rev. Mr. Thomas Donnithorne, Lanſallos
Mr. Peter Dyer, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Robert Dodſon, ditto
Mr. Wm. Drake, (ſail-maker) ditto
Mr. Matthew Dawſon, ditto
Mr. R. Dillin, jeweller, ditto

Mr. Samuel Daw, ditto
Mr. James Dickerſon, ditto
Mr. William Davey, Fountain-Tavern, Dock
Mr. W. Dunſterville, Plymouth
Mr. Samuel Ditchett, ditto
Mr. Wm. Ditchett, ditto
Mr. Humphry Douglas, ditto
Mr. George Downe, (Baſket-ſtreet,) ditto
Mrs. Amy Daw, Plympton
Mr. Richard Dunn, Paington
Mr. William Day, Kingſand
Mr. Stephen Drewitt, Plymouth
Mr. Thomas Dickins, ditto
Mr. John Downing, Newton-Abbott
Mr. J. Davis (St. Thomas), Exon
Mr. G. Dyer, Exeter
Mr. John Dunsford, R. W. M. St. George's Lodge, ditto
Mr. George Chriſtopher Degen, (merchant) ditto
Mr. John Drake, ditto
Mr. William Dingle, ditto
Mr. Thomas Dingle, ditto
Mr. John Davis, ditto
Mr. David Durham, ditto
Benj. Dickinſon, Eſq; Tiverton
Mr. Martin Dunsford, ditto
Mr. William Dimont, ditto
Mr. Perry Dicken, ditto
Mr. John Drew, ditto
Mr. N. Dennys, ditto
Mr. Thomas Dixon, R. W. M. St. George's Lodge, King's Dragoon Guards
Mr. Alex. Dallas, Alphington

E

Mrs. Aurelia Elſtone, Falmouth
Mr. James Edgcome, Penryn
Mr. Wm. Edwards, Mawnan
Mr Tho. Edgcome, Helſtone
Mr Henry Eaſtis, ditto
Mr. Tho. Edmonds, Tregurno
Mr. John Edwards, St. Juſt
Mr. Wm. Eddy, Murvah
Mr. Matthew Edwards, ditto
Mrs. Edwards, St. Ives
Mrs. Elizabeth Ellis, Penzance
Mr. Thomas Ellis, St. Erth
Mr. Francis Ellis, ditto
Mr. Thomas Ellis, Hayle
Mr. Thomas Eva, Camborne
Mr. Gilbert Eddy, ditto
Mr. Thomas Ennis, Redruth
Mr. John Eddy, ditto
Mr. William Edwards, ditto
Mr. John England, St. Columb
Mr. Humphrey England, ditto
Mr. J. Edwards, (exciſe-officer), Truro
Francis Enys, Eſq; ditto
Mr. John Exbridge, St. Mawes
Mr. W. Evens, junr. South-Down
Mr. William Ellis, Kingſand
Mr. John Ellis, Cawſand
Mr. William Edgecombe, ditto
Mr. Richard Edwards, ditto
Mr. Samuel Eales, (ſawyer) Dock-yard
Mr. Thomas Eales, junr. Plymouth
Mrs. Elizabeth Eaſtridge, ditto
Mr. James Elliott, ditto
Mr. Edward Edwards, ditto
Mr. Robert Elſtone, ditto
Mr. John Edevean, Stonehouſe
Mr. David Evans, Exeter
Mr. Henry Edwards, ditto
Rev. Mr. Wm. Ellicombe, ditto
Miſs Eveleigh, ditto
Mr. Rich. Enchmarch, Tiverton
Mr. Thomas Enchmarch, ditto
Mr. Thomas Edgley, ditto
Mr. Robert England, Haſelbury
Mr. T. Ellard, Teignmouth

F

Mr. Niels Falck, Falmouth
Mr. Charles Fox, ditto
Mr. Anthony Fox, ditto
Mr. John Freethy, Marazion
Mr. Richard Favell, ditto
Mrs. Margaret Fidlin, Penryn
Mr. John Foſter, Newlyn
Mr. Samuel Flood, Broad-cliſt
Mr. John Farrant, Penzance
Mr. Edward Fox, Murvah
Mrs. Priſcilla Foſs, Gulvall
Mr. Joſeph Ferris, Truro
Mr. John Flamank, Padſtow
Miſs Chriſtian Flamank, ditto
Mr. Wm. Flamank, St. Auſtell
Mr. Jaſper Fittock, St. Mawes
Mr. Daniel Fittock, ditto
Mr. John Furſe, ditto
Mr. Richard Foſter, Loſtwithiel
Mr. Edward Freeman, ditto
Mrs. Tabitha Fox, Looe
Mr. William Froſt, Milbrook
Miſs Jenny Moyes Fry, ditto
Miſs Elizabeth Fry, ditto
Mr. John Furze, Kingſand
Mr. John Friendſhip, Cawſand
Capt. W. Forteſcue, Penwarne
Mr. John Foſter, Plymouth-dock
Mr. William Friend, ditto
Mr. P. Furſe, (tinman) Plymouth
Mr. John Friend, ditto
Mr. John Featherſtone, ditto
Mr. Foote, Plymouth Theatre
Mr. John Fowler, Yalmpton
Mr. George Farwell, Totnes
Mr. George Farr, Topſham
C. Furlong, Eſq. W. P. G. S. W. (Devon & Exon) & R. W M. St. John's Lodge, Exeter
Mr. Alderman Floud, Exeter
Mr. John Foot, (St. George's Lodge) Exon
Mrs. Forteſcue, Dowliſh
Mr. John Fenwick, St. John's Lodge, Exeter
Mr. Joſeph Feathers (St. John's Lodge) ditto
Mrs. Foſter, ditto
Mr. Thomas Foſter, ditto
Mr. Richard Finch, ditto
Mr. R. Froſt, ditto
Mr. John Ford, Crediton

G

Mr. John Gwennap, Falmouth, 3 books
Mr. Thomas Gibbs, Falmouth
Mr. John Gwennap, (cabinet-maker,) ditto
Mrs. Hannah Green, ditto
Mr. Richard Gothings, ditto
Mrs. Mary Goninan, ditto
Mr. Robert Gill, ditto
Mrs. Mary Grimaldi, Flushing
Mr. Thomas George, junr. Penryn
Mr. J. Goldſworthy, Helſtone
Mr. Wm. Gluyas, Marazion
Mr. Walter Groſe, Redruth
Mr. John Glaſſon, Mouſehole
Mr. Thomas Giddy, (ſurgeon) Penzance
Mr. Richard Groſe, St. Creet
Mr. Henry Groſe, ditto
Mr. John George, Treveſcan
Mr. John Gwennap, St. Buryan
Mr. Alex. Garner, Penzance
Mr. Charles George, ditto
Mr. Thomas Grenfell, St. Ives
Mr. James Gilbart, Hayle
Mr. Charles Glaſſon, Camborne
Mrs. Alice Glanvill, ditto
Mr. Peter Garland, Illogan
Mr. Richard Grey, Redruth
Mr. John Gregory, Truro
Mr. John Giddy, ditto
Mr. James Gipſon, ditto
Mr. William Gill, Chacewater

Mrs. Jane Guy, Padſtow
Mr. G. L. Grant, (ſurgeon) St. Auſtel
Mr. William Gibb, ditto
Rev. Mr. R. Gurney, Tregony
Mr. Charles Green, St. Mawes
Mr. John Greet, ditto
Mr. John Geach, Tywardrath
Rev. Mr. John Mac Gilvray, Loſtwithiel
Mr. John Glanvill, ditto
Mr. Thomas Giles, Milbrook
Mr. Lawrence Beſt Gill, ditto
Mr. Samuel Giles, Kingſand
Mrs. Elizabeth Glinn, ditto
Mr. Thomas Glinn, junr. ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Giles, ditto
Mr. Thomas Glinn, ditto
Mr. Thomas Billing Gray, Cawſand
Capt. William Slade Gully, Trevennen
Mr. John Gerrey, Plymouth-dock
Mr. John Grogin, ditto
Mrs. Sarah Grogin, ditto
Mr. J. Gowings, ſhipwright, ditto
Mr. John Gilbert, (joiner,) ditto
Mr. Samuel Groube, Tarpoint
Mr. Thomas Gibbons, (rigger) Dock-yard
Mr. John Green, Market-ſtreet Dock
Mr. Geach, Royal Hoſpital, Plymouth
Mr. John Green, ſurgeon, ditto
Rev. Mr. John Gandy, ditto
Mr Mark Grigg, ditto
Miſs Jane Grant, ditto
Mr. Elias Govett, ditto
—— Gennys, eſq; ditto
Mrs. Eliz. Grills, Tamerton
Mr. George Gerry, Totnes
Mr. Jeffery Goodridge, junior, Paignton
Mr. Thomas Gregory, Exeter
Mr John Glanvill, ditto
Mr. William Gale, ditto
Mr. Thomas Gearing, ditto
Mr. Aaron Godfrey, ditto
Mr. Wm. Gannicleſt, ditto
Mrs. Gwatkin, Roſcrow
Mr. N. Geare, proctor, (Saint George's Lodge) Exeter
Mr. Gullet, attorney, ditto
Mr. Francis Gloyns, Tiverton
Mr. J. Govett, Tiverton
Mrs. M. Gilberd, Tiverton
Mrs. Gifford, Tiverton
Rev. Mr. William Goddard, Ridgeway
Mrs. Glaſford, Saltaſh
Mr. James Graham, Saltaſh
Mrs. Eliz. Guy, Old Town, Plymouth
Mr. Matthew Goſlin, (rigger) Dock-yard

H

Sir Carnaby Haggerſton, Cheviot-hill
Mr. T. Tregenna Hamley, Falmouth
Mr. Thomas Hamlyn, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Hocken, junr. ditto
Mr. John Honeychurch, ditto
Mr. Wm. Harvey, junr. ditto
Mr. John Hawking, ditto
Mr. James Hodgſon, ditto
Mr. William Harvey, ditto
Mr. William Hocking, cabinet maker, ditto
Mr. John Harvey, Fluſhing
Benjamin Heame, Eſq; Penryn
Miſs Urſula Harris, ditto
Mr. James Humphrey, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Hill, ditto
Mrs. Margaret Hodge, ditto

Mr. John Harvey, Mouſehole
Miſs Eliz. Harvey, Tregurno
Mr. John Harvey, Trevervin
Mr. John Hutchens, St. Buryan
Mr. William Hutchens, ditto
Miſs M. Hoſken, Trevorgance
Mr. Joſeph Hichens, Newlyn
Richard Hichens, eſq; Poltair
Mr. Richard Harvey, St. Creet
Mr. Martin Harvey, ditto
Mr. R. Hodge, jun. Boſiſtow
Mr. Wm. Hoſken, Leah
Mr. Gabriel Hoſken, Penzance
Mr. Edward Hoſking, ditto
Mr. Wm. Harvey, Gulvall
William Harris, eſq; Kenegye
Mrs. Mary Hingſton, St. Ives
Mr. John Harvey, Hayle
Mr. Charles Harvey, ditto
Mr. Thomas Harris, Camborne
William Harris, eſq; ditto
Miſs Mary Harpur, ditto
Mr. John Hocking, ditto
Mrs. Johanna Hockin, Redruth
Mr. Thomas Halſe, ditto
Mr. Andrew Harpur, ditto
Mrs. Jane Hulke, ditto
Lieut. John Harris, Paſcoe
Rev. Mr. Wm. Harpur, Truro
Mr. John Halſe, ditto
Mr. Bernard Harry, ditto
Mr. Henry Coryn Hore, ditto
Mr. Wm. Harvey, Swanſea
Mr. George Huddy, Probus
Mr. William Hotten, ditto
Mr. Hugh Hotten, ditto
Mr. Melchiſedeck Hotten, ditto
Mr. Peter Henwood, Michell
Mr. J. Hoſken, Carhaines-Cubert
Mr. Edmund Hearle (attorney), St. Columb
Mrs. Elizabeth Harvey, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Hawkins, ditto
Mr. Jonathah Higgs, ditto
Mr. William Harvey, Padſtow
Mr. John Horſwell, ditto
Mrs. C. Hamley, St. Minver
Mr. Sam. Hopwood, St. Auſtel
Mr. Samuel Hendy, ditto
Mr. William Hore, ditto
Mr. George Huddy, Laddock
Rev. Mr. F. Hearle, Tregony
Mr. James Hicks, Kenwyn
Mr. Henry Harris, Gerrans
Mr. Peter Hill, ditto
Mr. Rd. Hellman, St. Mawes
Mr. Stephen Harris, ditto
Mrs. Sarah Hall, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Hooker, ditto
Mr. William Harris, St. Juſt
Mr. Humphry Hicks, ditto
Mr. T. Higman, Treſillian
Mr. John Hoyte, Grampond
Mr. Stephen Hore, St. Blazey
Mr John Helſtone, Fowey
Mr. Alexander Hoſkings, ditto
Mr. Samuel Higgs, ditto
Mr. John Hoar, ditto
Mr. Samuel Hext, Loſtwithiel
Mr. John Harper, ditto
Miſs Jenefer Hill, St. Winnow
Mr. Wm. Helhuiſh, Mevagiſſey
Mr. Richard Hocking, Looe
Mr. George Hillman, Milbrook
Mrs. Johanna Hitchcock, ditto
Mr. Richard Hopkins, Cawſand
Mr. George Hodge, Cawſand
Mr. Wm. Higgman, Plymouth-dock
Mr. H. E. Hawkins (attorney), ditto
Mr. John Hocking, ditto
Mr. John Higman, ditto
Mr. Stephen Haddy, ditto
Mr. Nathaniel Hellings, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Hoopell, ditto
Mr. Iſrael Hoyten, ditto
Mr. William Harris, ditto

Mr. Robert Hayley (cabinet-maker), Plymouth-dock
Mr. T. Harris (Market-ſtreet), ditto
Mr. Andrew Hingſtone, ditto
Mr. John Hill (George-ſtreet), ditto
Mr. J. Hill (rigger), Dock-yard
Mr. Mat. Hicks (rigger), ditto
Mr. J. Harris (rigger), ditto
Mr. John Hill (rigger), ditto
Mr. T. Hewlett (ſail-maker), ditto
Mr. Sam. Hunn (Victualling-office), Plymouth
Mr. T. Howard (chair-maker), ditto
Mr. J. Hellyer (cooper), ditto
Mr. Edward Holditch, ditto
Mr. J. Hatten, Nut-ſtreet, ditto
Mrs. Humphreys, ditto
Mr. David Hawkins, ditto
Mrs. E. Hole, Old Town, ditto
Mrs. Sarah Harwood, ditto
Mr. Nicholas Hyne, ditto
Mr. J. Hoſkin (attorney), ditto
Mr. J. Hoyle, ditto
Mrs. Hankerſon, ditto
Mr. William Hill, ditto
Rev. Mr. Hawker, ditto
Mr. Walter Harris, ditto
Mr. James Harris, ditto
Mr. William Hingſton, ditto
Mrs. Havarland, Plymouth-Garriſon, 2 books
Mr. Philip Hawkes, Stonehouſe
Mr. Joſeph Hooper, Tarpoint
Mr. Francis Hill, ditto
Mr. J. Hannaford, Stoke Town
Mrs. Eſther Hamblyn, Plympton
Mrs. Mary Hamblyn, ditto
Mr. J. Hallett, South-Petherwin
Mrs. Hickes, Saltaſh
Mr. John Hobling, ditto
Mr. Richard Hutton, Tamerton
Mrs. Mary Heafed, Kingſand
Mr. Aaron Hiſcock, Totneſs
Mr. Matthew Ham, ditto
Mr. Richard Hunt, Paington
Rev. Mr. T. Hugo, Newton-Abbot
Mr. William Hobbs, Topſham
Mr. J. Hayne (cooper), Exeter
Mr. George Hayne (Treaſurer St. John's Lodge), Exeter
Mr. William Hutchins, (St. John's Lodge), Exeter
Mr. Thomas Holman, ditto
Mr. George Herbert, ſen. ditto
Mr. E. Holwell (ſurgeon), ditto
Mr. Benjamin Hunt, ditto
Mr. Jas. Hutton (draper), ditto
Mr. William Huxham, ditto
Rev. Mr. Richard Hole, ditto
Mr. John Huſſey, ditto
Mr. Humphry Edw. Hill, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Hicks, ditto
Rev. Mr. Harrington, ditto
Mr. John Hern, ditto
Mr. Thomas Hill, ditto
Mr. Wm. Hayman (ſurveyor), ditto
Mr. John Hillman, ditto
Rev. Mr. Harding, Barnſtaple
Mr. John Hollaway, Tiverton
Mr. W. Heath (plumber), ditto
Mr. John Hopkins, ditto
Mr. Samuel Hatſwell, ditto
Mr. William Hyett, ditto
Mrs. Honeywood, Alphington
Mr. D. Hall, (Tr. St. George's Lodge) King's Drag. Guards
Mr. John Hopwood (W. S. W. St. George's Lodge), King's Dragoon Guards
Mr. John Harvey (St. George's Lodge), King's Drag. Guards
Mr. R. P. Hamlyn, Teignmouth

Mr. Nicholas Harris, Coverack
Mr. John Harris, ditto
Mr. John Harris, St. Kevern
Mr. J. Huthnance, St. Martin
Mr. Peter Haine, St. Juſt
Mr. John Harris, Helſtone
Mr. William Hill, junr. ditto
Mr. John Harvey, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Hill, Mount
Mr. Benjamin Hill, ditto
Mr. E. Hambelton, Marazion
Mr. William Harding, ditto
Mr. William Hill, ditto
Mr. C. Hubbard, Teignmouth
Mr. Joſiah Hatch, Crediton
Mr. Wm. Harris, jun. Penryn
Mr. Hartford, Heavitree

J

Mr. Richard James, Falmouth
Mr. William Job, ditto
Mrs. Olympias Jago, ditto
Mrs. Avis Jeffery, ditto
Mr. Lazarus James, ditto
Mr. William James, Fluſhing
Mr. Bennett Jane, ditto
Mr. William Jackſon, ſurgeon, Penryn
Mr. James James, ditto
Mr. John James, Mawnan
Mr. Richard James (collector), St. Kevern
Mr. Thomas James, ditto
Mr. John James, ditto
Mr. Edward James, Helſton
Mr. Benjamin Jaco, Paul
Mr. John Jaco, ditto
Mr. Richard Jeffery, Tregiffian
Mrs. Eliz. James, St. Buryan
Mr. Henry James, Newlyn
Mr. John Johns, Mayon-Sennen
Miſs Eliza James, St. Hillary
Mr. Nicholas James, ditto
Mr. Joel James, ditto
Mr. William Jelbart, Sowah
Mr. James Johns Penzance
Mr. Charles Jacka, ditto
Mr. Alexander James, St. Ives
Miſs Grace Jenkin, St. Erth
Mr. John Joachim, Camborne
Mr. James Jenkin, Redruth
Mr. Nicholas Ivey, ditto
Mr. William Jenkin, ditto
Miſs Chriſtiana John, ditto
Mr. John James, St. Agnes
Mr. John James (Roſemundy), ditto
Mr. William Ingram, ditto
Mr. John Job, St. Agnes
Mr. David Jenkins, jun. Truro
Mr. J. James (attorney), ditto
Mr. Samuel Jennings, Hendra
Mr. John Jane, St. Columb
Mr. Francis Jane, ditto
Mr. James Jane, ditto
Mr. W. John (ſurgeon), Padſtow
Mr. Richard Jenney (ſurgeon), Truro
Mr. Matthew Jenkin, ditto
Stephen Johns, eſq. Gerrans
Mr. Stephen Jennings, ditto
Mr. Wm. Jenking, St. Mawes
Mr. Richard Jennings, ditto
Mrs. Suſanna Jennings, ditto
Mr. Sharrack Jenking, ditto
Mr. Michell Jenking, ditto
Mr. Thomas Jordan, ditto
Mr. Richard Jane, ditto
Mr. Bennett Jack, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Jenking, ditto
Mr. Robert Jago, jun. ditto
Mr. William Jenning, ditto
Mrs. Mary Jenkins, Fowey
Mrs. Grace James, Loſtwithiel
Mr. Samuel Jordan, ditto
Mr. Zephaniah Job, Polperro
Mr. John Jago, South-Down
Mr. Richard Jago, Cawſand
Mr. John James, jun. Mount

Henry John, esq. Craftweſt
Capt. Francis James, Mingowſe
Rev. Mr. John Julian, V. Egg-Buckland
Mr. J. Johns, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Matthew Jenkin, ditto
Mr. John Jorey, ditto
Mr. Nicholas James, ditto
Mr. John Jewell, ditto
Mr. Robert Johnſon, ditto
Mr. Wm. Jacob, Duke-ſtreet, ditto
Mr. Wm. Ivey, Plymouth-dock
Mrs. Hannah Innes, ditto
Mr. Henry Inſtment (Market-ſtreet), ditto
Mr. John Jowell (ſail-maker), Dock-yard
Mr. W. Ingerſon (rigger), ditto
Mr. W. Johnſon (ſhipwright), ditto
Mr. J. James (Tyger Hoſpital Ship), Plymouth
Mr. Joſeph Jeſſep (victualling-office), ditto
Mr. William Jenkings, ditto
Mr. W. Julian (attorney), ditto
Mr. Steven Jenkins, ditto
Mr. John Ivey, ditto
Mr. Samuel Jeffery, ditto
Mr. Johns (attorney), ditto
Mr. R. Jordan, ditto
Mr. David Johnſon, ditto
Mr. T. Jefferſon, Plymouth Theatre
Mr. J. Jackman, Saltaſh Paſſage
Mr. George Jackſon, Topſham
Mrs. Jackſon, Exeter
John Ivie, esq. (St. John's Lodge), ditto
Iſaac Iſaac, esq. ditto
Mrs. Jones, ditto
Mr. William Iliff, ditto
Mr. William Jenkins, Tiverton
Mr. George Johns, ditto
Mr. John Jordan, Teignmouth
Mr. Thomas Ireland (exciſe-officer), Broad-Cliſt

K

Mrs. Grace Knight, Fluſhing
Miſs Mary King, Penryn
Mr. John King, Helſton
Mr. John Kitt, Marazion
Mr. Shilſon Keates, Madron
Mrs. J. Kevill, Camborne
Mr. Stephen Knight, Illogan
Mr. John Knight, Redruth
Mrs. Heſter Knapp, Minwinion
Mrs. Jane Kendall, St. Columb
Mr. William Kent, Padſtow
Mr. William Keſſell, Probus
Mr. John Kimber, jun. Fowey
Mr. Knapman, Plymouth-dock Yard
Mr. Benj. Kemp (block-maker), ditto
Mr. H. King, Plymouth dock
Mr. John Knapman, ditto
Rev. Mr. B. Kennicott, R. of Dodbrook, Devon
Mr. Wm. Kingdom, Plymouth
Mr. George Knott, ditto
Mr. E. Kendall (ſtone-maſon), Exeter
Mr. Zach. Kingdon, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Kingdon, ditto
Mr. Mervin King, ditto
Mr. James Kingdom, ditto
Rev. Mr. Kingman, Silverton
Mr. T. Kingdom, Thorverton

L

Sir Wm. Lemon, bart. Carclew
Mr. Rd. Lawrence, Falmouth
Mr. Thomas Longes, ditto
Mr. J. Lean, (ſtay-maker,) ditto
Mrs. Margaret Lawrence, ditto
Mr. Robert Leuty, ditto
Mrs. Grace Lake, ditto

Mrs. Mary Leverton, Penryn
Mr. Thomas Lugg, St. Kevern
Mr. James Lander, St. Martin
Mr. Sam. Lemon, junr. Breage
Mr. Henry Laity Perron, Ultho
Mr. Robert Leah, Kemeal
Mr. Wm. Ladner, Tregiffian
Mr. Thomas Love, Newlyn
Mr. Thomas Leggo, Madron
Mr. Henry Lugg, ditto
Mr. Abraham Lavars, St. Creet
Mr. Daniel Ley, Penzance
Mr. John Leigh, ditto
Mr. Robert Lutey, ditto
Mr. John Ley, St. Ives
Mr. Edward Lee, Pendervas
Mr. Tobias Lanyon, Redruth
Mr. Nicholas Luke, ditto
Mr. William Legge, Truro
Mr. William Lobb, Kenwyn
Mr. Richard Lean, Stincowſe
Mr. John Libby, Kea
Mr. George Lilly, Merther
Mr. Henry Lambe, St. Auſtell
Mrs. Prudence Lanyon, Tregony
Mr. Malachi Laſkey, Gerrans
Mr. John Libby, St. Juſt
Mr. Stephen Lowry, St. Mawes
Mr. John Lowry, junr. ditto
Mr. John Libby, ditto
Mr. James Lowry, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Lean, ditto
Mr. Richard Lawrence, Feock
Mr. Petherick Lukey, Fowey
Mr. Thomas Lanyon, ditto
Mr. John Lewis, ditto
Mr. John Lyttleton, Loſtwithiel
Mr. Walter Lukes, ditto
Mr. J. Luckraft, Milbrook
Mr. Ralph Lanyon, ditto
Mr. Richard Lobb, ditto
Mrs. Mary Lobb, Kingſand
Mrs. Elizabeth Locker, ditto
Mr. William Lambe, Cawſand
Mr. John Luke, Buckland-down
Mr. John Linzee, Plymouth-dock-yard
Mr. James Lobb, (ſail-maker) ditto
Mr. P. Lardeau, (lawyer) ditto
Mr. Philip Langmead, Plymouth
Mr. John Lovell, (Victualing-office), ditto
Mr. John Lillicrap, ditto, ditto
Mr. Samuel Lang, Plymouth
Mrs. Sarah Lane, Plymouth
Mr. Edmond Lee, ditto
Mr. M. Luſcombe, Stonehouſe
Mrs. Jane Littleton, Saltaſh
Mr. John Libby, Kenwyn
Mr. Tho. Lockyer, Plymouth
Mr. Henry Light, ditto
Mr. John Light, ditto
Mr. R. Lloyd, (New-Inn) Exeter
Mr. J. Lott, Exeter
Mrs. M. Lorring, Tiverton
Mrs. H. Land, ditto
Mr. Atherton Long, ditto
Mr. William Land, (ſurgeon) Silverton
Mr. Thomas Huckell Lee, (merchant) Exeter
Mr. William Lane, ditto
Mr. John Louis, ditto
Mr. J. Luckombe (Globe) ditto
Mr. John Larkworthy, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Langdon, ditto
Mr. J. Luke, ditto, 2 books
Mr. John Love, ditto
Mr. J. Land, (London-Inn) ditto
Mr. George Lee, ditto
Mrs. E. Langworthy, Crediton
Mrs. Lathy, Heavitree
Mr. William Legg, Cullompton

M

Sir William Moleſworth, bart.
Mr. William Meagher, Truro
Mrs. P. Moor, Falmouth

Mr. Mabyn, Helſtone
Mr. John Morcom, ditto
Mrs. Mary Mathews, Mount
Mr. John Mills, ditto
Mr. William Mills, Marazion
Mr. Leonard Millett, ditto
Mr. Richard Moyle, (ſurgeon) ditto
Mr. Joſeph Mathews, Kemeal
Mr. John Marrack, Cerſtallack
Mr. John Millett, junr. St. Juſt
Mrs. L. Maddern, ditto
Miſs Mary Millett, ditto
Mr. James Maddern, ditto
Mr- George Mynets, ditto
Mr. Alex. Marrack, St. Creet
Mr. Richard Marrack, ditto
Mr. Wm. Mitchell, Penzance
Mr. John Mitchell, ditto
Miſs Mary Ann Milldrum, St. Hillary
Mr. Thomas Michell, St. Ives
Rev. Lewis Morgan, ditto
Mr. Thomas Mathews, ditto
Mr. Richard Oke Millett, Hayle
Mr. Roger Morgan, ditto
Mr. Tho. Michell, Angarrack
Mr. S. Mead, Camborne
Mr. Robert Maſon, Redruth
Mr. Stephen Michell, ditto
Mr. John Magor, Chacewater
Mr. James Milford, Truro
Mr. James Merrifield, ditto
Mr. D. K. Marſhall, (ſurgeon) ditto
Mr. H. L. Mudge, ditto
Mr. John Michell, ditto
Mr. John Martyn, ditto
Mr. John Marſhall, ditto
Mr. Nich. Michell, Tregothnan
Mr. M. Magor, Tregivathan
Mr. Iſaac Mitchell, of Mitchell
Thomas Michell, Eſq. Craftweſt
Mr. Hooper Martyn, Padſtow
Mr. John Mitchell, ditto
Miſs B. Michell, ditto
Mr. B. Mitchell, St. Auſtell
Mr. James Merifield, ditto
Mr. Nich. Middlecoat, Tregony
Mr. Samuel May, Looe
Mrs. S. Matthews, Kingſand
Mr. John May, ditto
Mr. J. Martin, ditto
Mrs. Mary Moyes, ditto
Mr. John Matthews, ditto
Mr. Walter Michell, Cawſand
Mrs Elizabeth Mabin, ditto
Mr. Francis Moor, ditto
Mr. Mat. Maddock, Stonehouſe
Mr. Francis Milton, (ſhipwright) Plymouth-dock
Mr. William Merrifield, ditto
Mr. Thomas Maynard, ditto
Mr. Ed. Moore, druggiſt) ditto
Mr. Joſeph Maddocks, ditto
Mr. William Mould, ditto
Mrs. Mary Maneton, ditto
Mr. William Mallett, ditto
Mr. William Moyes, (rigger) Dock-yard
Mr. R. Millman, (carpenter) ditto
Mr. Sam. Mills, (ſawyer) ditto
Mr. Tho. Mardon, Plymouth
Mr. Stephen Milton, (cooper) Victualing-office, ditto
Mr. Roger Mare, ditto
Mrs. Mary Mendus, ditto
Mr. Wm. Mortimer, ditto
Mrs. Mary Morice, ditto
Mr. George Marſhall, ditto
Mr. John Mark, (junr.) ditto
Mr. Tho. Miller, (ſtay-maker) ditto
Mr. William Mitchell, ditto
Mr. James Maſon, ditto
Mr. John Manwell, ditto
Mr. R. May, (carpenter) ditto

Mr. Nicholas Moor, Falmouth
Mr. John Mitchell, ditto
Mr. William Mitchell, ditto
Miſs Ann May, Pendennis-Caſtle, ditto
Mr. Nathaniel Millet, Fluſhing
Mr. John Martin, ditto
Mr. John Martin, Mawnam
Mr. John Moriſh, Coverack
Mr. Thomas Moriſh, ditto
Mr. John Martin, St. Kevern
Miſs Mary Mannell, ditto
Mr. W. Avent Moſs, Catdown
Mrs. Ann Morriſon, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Samuel Mitchell, Paington
Mr. George Mores, ditto
Mr. William Morris, ditto
Mr. William Metherell, ditto
Mr. William Mardon, Newton Abbot
Lieut. Michell, Crediton
Mr. Samuel Mayne, (St. John's Lodge,) Exeter
Mr. John Mayne, ditto
Mr. Robert Maunder, ditto
Mr. Wm. Maunder, ditto
Mr. Charles Minifie, (chandler) ditto
Mr. Charles Matthews, ditto
Mr. Edward Mead, Tiverton
Mrs. Mary Mildon, Tiverton
Mrs. Sarah Marder, Tiverton
Mr. John Mountjoy, ditto
Wm. Marler, Eſq; Starpoint
Mr. Thomas Mare, Heavitree
Mr. H. Melhuiſh, Cullumpton
Mr. Henry Murch, Cullumpton
Mrs. Jane Manning, Bideford
Mr. Tho. Muſgrave, London

N

Michael Nowell, eſq. Falmouth
Mr. Thomas Naſh, ditto
Mr. Anthony Nancolas, ditto
Mrs. Mary Nichols, Fluſhing
Mr. William Nicholas, Penryn
Mr. S. Nicholls, Menackan
Mr. R. Nicholls, St. Kevern
Mr. John Nicholls, ditto
Mr. William Nicholls, ditto
Mr. Hen. Nicholls, Boſkenna
Wm. Nicholls, eſq. Trereiſe
William Nickles, Buſwenning
Mr. Step. Newton, jun. Lelant
Mr. R. Nichols, jun. Phillack
Mr. Francis Newten, Truro
Mr. James Nankivell, ditto
Mr. Thomas Nankivell, ditto
Mr. William Nicholls, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Newten, ditto
Mr. Samuel Nott, Padſtow
Mrs. Jenny Nancolas, St Auſtel
Mr. Henry Nicholls, Gerrons
Mrs. Ann Napton, St. Mawes
Mr. Benjamin Napton, ditto
Mr. Arthur Nicholls, Fowey, 2 books
Mr. T. Nicholls (ſhipwright), ditto
Mr. Sam Nanjulian, Loſtwithiel
Mr. N. H. Nicholas, Looe
Mrs. Eliz. Nodder, Milbrook
Mrs. Mary Nodder, ditto
Capt. T. Nicholas, Trenarth
Mrs. Ann Newell, Tarpoint
Mr. Arthur Norris (ſmith), Dock-yard
Mr. R. Nichols, Plymouth-dock
Mr. John Neale (cooper), Victualing Office, Plymouth
Mr. J. Netten, Royal Hoſpital, ditto
Mrs. Anne Northcote, ditto
Mr. G. Northey, Paignton
Mr. James Norrington, Exeter
Mr. B. Napper (hair-dreſſer), ditto
Mr. John Needes, Tiverton

Mr. William Nott, ditto
Mr. W. Norman, Teignmouth
Mrs. Margaret Newlen, ditto
Mr. John Noſworthy, Starcroſs

O

Mr. George Oake, Falmouth
Mr. Orchard, ditto
Mr. George Olive, Fluſhing
Mr. Philip Oke, Penryn
Mr. Robert Oſborn, St. Hillary
Mr. Richard Oxnam, Penzance
Miſs Mary Oliver, Chyandower
Mr. Richard Oats, Camborne
Mr. J. Oxenbury, St. Anthony
Mr. John Odgers, junr. Gerrans
Mr. Nicholas Olver, Fowey
Mr. Henry Odem, Milbrook
Mr. Thomas Opie, Plymouth
Miſs Margaret Ord, ditto
Mrs. Jane Oſborn, Cawſand
Mr. John Oliver, Kingſand
Henry Oſmond, eſq. Tiverton
Mr. G. Owens (attorney-at-law), ditto

P

Mr. William Penroſe, Falmouth
Mr. William Penlerrick, ditto
Mr. John Pearſe, ditto
Mr. Peter Perry, ditto
Mr. Tho. Pike, ditto, 2 books
Mr. Edw. Plaine, ditto
Mr. John Pearce, cabinet-maker, ditto
Mr. Thomas Plomer, ditto
Mr. Rich. Pidgley, ditto
Mr. Benjamin Paſcoe, ditto
Mr. Henry Paſcoe, Fluſhing
Rev. Mr. Robert Peter, Mawnan
Mr. Rich. Penticoſt, St. Kevern
Mr. Charles Pearce, ditto
Mr. Bennet Paſcoe, Helſtone
Mr. Stephen Penberthy, ditto
Mr. William Pappin, ditto
Mr. Rich. Prior, ditto
Mr. William Paſcoe, Sithney
Mrs. Phillis Plomer, ditto
Mrs. Suſannah Plomer, ditto
Mr. Charles Paynter, Marazion
Mr. John Polgrean, ditto
Mr. William Provis, ditto
Mr. Thomas Provis, ditto
Mrs. Jane Polkinhorn, Peron Ultho
Mrs. Paynter, Boſkenna
J. Paynter, eſq. ditto
Mr. James Permewan, jun. St. Buryan
Mr. Wm. Paynter, Redruth
Mr. Edward Paddy, Newlyn
Mr. John Pender, ditto
Miſs Jane Penberthy, St. Juſt
Mr. Wm. Polgrean, Penzance
Mr. Tho. Pidwell, jun. ditto
Mr. Michael Paſcoe, ditto
Mrs. Margaret Pender, ditto
Mr. Thomas Penroſe ditto
Rev. Mr. J. Parkin, ditto
Mr. Nic Paſcoe, Trevaſcan
Mrs Prigretta Paddy, Gulval
Mr. William Purchaſe, St. Ives
Mr. Evan Price, ditto
Mr. William Pearce, ditto
Rev. Mr. H. Penneck, Ludgvan
Mr. Thomas Parminter, Hayle
Mr. Henry Prideaux, ditto
Mr. John Pearce, Camborne
Mr. John Petherick, jun. ditto
Miſs Mary Paul, ditto
Mr. Alexander Paull, ditto
Mr. Samuel Penhall, ditto
Rev. Mr. Wm. Peter, Redruth
Mr. Samuel Phillips, ditto
Mr. Wm. Pryce (ſurgeon), ditto, 2 books
Mr. John Pearce, Illogan
Mr. Tho. O. Prout, St. Agnes
Mr. Robert Phillips, ditto

Mr. John Paull, St. Agnes
Mr. Henry Pearce, Redruth
Mr. Richard Phillips, ditto
Mrs. Mary Penroſe, ditto
Mrs. Jane Paynter, ditto
Mr. Richard Penroſe, ditto
Mr. William Pearce, ditto
Mr. Edmond Powell, Truro
Mr. William Plummer, ditto
Mr. Thomas Pope, ditto
Mr. William Pearce, ditto
Mr. John Provis, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Page, ditto
Mr. Arthur Paſcoe, ditto
Mr. John Pearce, Merther
Mr. Thomas Powell, Kenwyn
Rev. Jonathan Peters, Clerk, St. Clements
Mr. John Parkyn, ditto
Mr Charles Parkyn, St. Erm
Rev. Mr. Michael Pruſt, Cubert
Mrs. Ann Peter, Padſtow
Mr. Joſeph Peter, ditto
Mr. Charles Perry, Penryn
Mr. Sam. Pentecoſt, St. Auſtel
Mr. William Petherick, ditto
Mr. Wm. Petherick, (ſchool-maſter), ditto
Mr. Carteret Priaulx, Guernſey
Mrs. Powne, Tregony
Mr. Alexander Peters, Gerrans
Mr. William Pearce, ditto
Mr. Nicholas Peters, St. Mawes
Mr. William Peters, ditto
Mr. Richard Pearce, ditto
Mr. George Paddy, ditto
Mr. Anthony Paſco, ditto
Mrs. Grace Paſco, ditto
Mr. A. Polyblank, ditto
Mr. John Paſco, St. Juſt
Mr. William Puckey, Fowey
Mr. Edward Piddle, ditto
Mr. Walter Polgrean, ditto
Mr. Richard Puddicombe, Looe
Mr. J. Parkin, jun. Loſtwithiel
Mr. Richard Pawley, ditto
Mr. John Penn, Milbrook
Mr. James Panſon, ditto
Mr. George Pound, Kingſand
Mr. Thomas Penn, ditto
Capt. Henry Peter, Harlyn
Mr Phineas Prieſt, Plymouth-Dock
Mr. Walter Palmer, ditto
Mr. John Palmer, ditto
Mr. Alexander Paſco, ditto
Mr. Edw. Palmer (Duke-ſtreet), ditto
Mr. John Patey, ditto
Mr. William Pearn, ditto
Mr. S. H. Pellew (ſurgeon), ditto
Mr. W. Pengelley, Plymouth-dock Yard
Mr. Ralph Paine, ditto
Mr. John Penkivil (bricklayer), ditto
Mr. Sam. Prout (rigger), ditto
Mr. Wm. Popham (ſail-maker), ditto
Mr. Jacob Poppleſtone (rigging-houſe), ditto
Mr. G. Patterſon (rigger), ditto
Mr. John Pike (ſmith), ditto
Mr. Benjamin Parham, ditto
Mr. Thomas Parry, Plymouth
Mr. Wm. Parry (taylor), ditto
Mr. T. Pollard (Cuſtom-houſe officer), ditto
Mr. Charles Potbury (cooper), Victualing-office, ditto
Mr. J. Peters (cooper), ditto ditto
Mr. John Pearſon (ſerjeant of Marines), ditto
Mr. Sam. Vincent Pryce, ditto
Mr. William Puckey, ditto
Lieut. Palmer (Marines), ditto
Mr. Richard Paſcoe, ditto
Mr. Noah Phillips, ditto

Mr. G. Palmer, dry-ſalter, Briſtol
Mr. J. Parham, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Thomas Pope, Plymouth
Mr. Amos Pope, ditto
Mrs. Sarah Penphraze, ditto
Mrs. Lucanday Palmer, ditto
Mr. Thomas Popham, ditto
Mr. J. Pinſent (ſoap-boiler) ditto
Mr. J. Pitts (Butcher's-lane) ditto
Mr. Simon Pleace, ditto
Mr. Patton (ſurgeon), ditto
Mr. John Palmer, Parade, ditto
Mr. John Plimſoll, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Pope, ditto
Mr. William Pinwill, ditto
Mr. Thomas Parkin, Plymouth-Garriſon
Mr. Parlby, jun. Stonehouſe
Mrs. Eliz. Penlowrick, Empty-Coombe
Mr. J. Pruſt (currier), Modbury
Mr. James Parry (linen draper), No. 279, Oxford-ſtreet, London
Mr. John Pike, Plymſtoke
Capt. Paſſmore, Saltaſh
Mr. Edward Palmer, Tamerton
Mr. John Prout, Paignton
Mr. John Palmer, Topſham
Mr. S Price, Topſham
Mr. James Pitts, Exeter
Mr. J. Pitts (St. John's Lodge), ditto
Mr. Joſeph Payne (St. John's Lodge), ditto
Mr. John Pearſe, (St. John's Lodge), ditto
Mr. Samuel Pope, jun. (linen-draper), ditto
Mr. John Eyles Pierce, ditto
Mr. John Paddon, ditto
Mr. Richard Pullen, ditto
Mr. Alexander Pope, ditto
Mr. Simon Phillips, (Bear) ditto
Mr. George Pridham, ditto
Mr. Robert Parham, Exeter
Philanthropos, ditto
Mr. John Pierce, ditto
Mr. Nathaniel Pierce, ditto
Mr. James Pope, ditto
Mrs. Grace Pope, ditto
Mr. James Portbury, ditto
Mr. R. Paul, (cork cutter) ditto
Mr. John Pollard (St. Thomas), Exon
Mr. Thomas Pearſe, Tiverton
Rev. Mr. John Pitman, ditto
Mr. D. Pettiward, ditto
Mr. James Pulling, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Perkins, ditto
Mr. P. Perry, ſurgeon, Silverton
Mr. Sam. Pitman, Alphington
Mr. John Penſon, Teignmouth
Mr. Joſeph Pounsford, ditto
Mr. Charles Pugh, Thorverton

Q

Mr. George Quaſh, Falmouth
Mr. James Quick, joiner, St. Ives
Mr. T. Quick, cordwainer, ditto
Miſs Ann Quick, ditto
Mr. Wm. Quarme, Padſtow
Mr. John Quick, Oreſton

R

Rev. Mr. W. H. Reynell, Falmouth
Mr. Walter Rice, ditto
Miſs Martha Ruſſell, ditto
Mr. Thomas Robinſon, ditto
Mr. Peter Richards, ditto
Mr. Samuel Retallack, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Roberts, ditto
Mr. William Rogers, Flushing
Mr. James Richards, ditto
Philip Richards, eſq. Penryn
Mrs. Margaret Roberts, ditto
Mr. William Rawling, ditto
Mr. James Roberts Coverack
Mr. John Rogers, St. Kevern
Miſs Ann Rogers, Troon

Mr. Edward Richards, Gweek
Mr. Rob. Roberts, Conſtantine
Mr. J. Rogers, jun. Menackan
Mr. —— Robinſon, Helſtone
Mr. Michael Roberts, Marazion
Mr. N. Richards, Mouſehole
Mr. Wm. Rowe, junr. Reginnis
Mr. Francis Ruſſel, Kemeal
Mr. Wm. Richards, St. Buryan
Mrs. Elixabeth Rogers, Trereiſe
Mr. Richard Robarts, Madron
Mr. Nicholas Rodda, Paul
Mr. Michael Rowe, Botrehe
Mr. John Richards, Trevorgans
Mrs. Sarah Roberts, Roſekeſtal
Mr. M. Read, jun. Penzance
Mrs. Sarah Robyns, ditto
Mr. Sampſon Runnall, ditto
Mr. Tobias Read, ditto
Mr. Thomas Rowland, ditto
Mr. R. Richards, Newlyn
Mrs Mary Richards, St. Ives
Mr. Charles Richards, jun. ditto
Rev. Mr. Geo. Rhodes, St. Erth
Mr. Edward Robarts, Phillack
Mr. John Rowe, Camborne
Mr. John Rule, ditto
Mr. John Rough, ditto
Mr. Wm. Roſewarne, Illogan
Mr. William Reynolds, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Read, Redruth
Mr. Thomas Robarts, ditto
Mr. Robert Roberts, ditto
Mr. Richard Rawle, ditto
Mr. William Renolds, ditto
Mr. Daniel Ripper, ditto
Mr. Anthony Rowe, ditto
Miſs Mary Richards, Falmouth
Henry Roſewarne, eſq. Truro
Mr. Edmond Rouſe, ditto
Mrs. Mary Rapſey, ditto
Mr. Richard Rouſe, ditto
Mr. Wm. Robarts, St. Erm
Mr. Anthony Rowſe, St. Agnes
Mr. Francis Retallack, Mitchell
Mr. Wm. Rawlings, Padſtow
Mr. Jas. Rowſe (ſchool-maſter), St Columb
Mr William Richards, junr. St. Auſtel
Mrs. C. Raſhleigh, ditto
Mr John Roberts, Probus
Mr. John Robarts, St. Mawes
Mr. Nicholas Rice, ditto
Mr William Roberts, ditto
Mr. John Reynolds, Grampound
Mrs. Mary Rowe, Fowey
Mr. Thomas Reding, ditto
Mr. Robert Rundle, ditto
Mr. John Rowe, ditto
Mr Charles Rundle, ſen.
Rev. Mr. Butler Richards, Talland
Mr. John Rice, Looe
Mr. Zach. Roach, Milbrook
Mrs. Jane Reep, ditto
Mrs. Mary Rider, ditto
Mr. William Rouſe, ditto
Mr. Wm. P. Richards, Kingſand
Mr. John Richards, Morval, Cornwall
Mr A. Roberts, Tarpoint
Mr. John Ragland, ditto
Mr. J. Radford, Plymouth-dock
Mr. J. Robbins (baker), ditto
Mr. James Ralph, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Rodd, ditto
Mr. John Roberts, Duke-ſtreet, ditto
Mr. John Richards, ditto ditto
Mr. Philip Richards, ditto
Mr. John Rawlings, Plymouth-dock Yard
Mr. J. Reddwey (rigger), ditto
Mr. Edward Rogers, Plymouth
Mr. John Richards (ſawyer), Victualing-office, ditto
Mr. T. Reynolds (coroner), ditto

Mr. Roger Ryder (George Inn), Plymouth
Mr. Elias Romeril, ditto
Mr. Richard Randall, ditto
Mr. Daniel Roſs, ditto
Lady Rogers, ditto
Mr. Stephen Rains, ditto
Mr. Benjamin Reed, ditto
Mr. William Redſtone, ditto
Mr. Paul Rapſey, ditto
Mrs. Reddiſh, Plymouth Theatre
Mr. John Richards, Stonehouſe Mills
Mr. Martin Rickard, Calſtock
Rev. Mr. C. Radcliff, Vicar of Tamerton-Foliott
Mr. Richard Renell, Topſham
Mr. Thomas Rodd, Tiverton
Mr. Humphry Rendall, ditto
Mrs. E. Roberts (Globe Tavern) Teignmouth
Rev. Mr. J Rudall, Crediton
Miſs Mary Riſdon, ditto
Mr. John Reynolds, Exeter
Mr. Reigiunieu (merchant) ditto
Mr. John Rickcord, ditto
Mr. John Reeve (Secretary St. George's Lodge), ditto, 2 books

S

Mr. Nich. Symons, Falmouth
Mr. Robert Snell, junr. ditto
Mrs. Mary Semmens, ditto
Mr. Ananias Shutford, ditto
Mr. Samuel Swaine, ditto
William Stewart, Eſq. Fluſhing
Mr. A. P. Sweeting, ditto
Mr. Benjamin Stephens, ditto
Mr. John Shephard, ditto
Mrs. Grace Stephens, ditto
Mr. Edw. Seecombe, Mewden
Mr. Samuel Sleep, Tremayne
Mr. William Skues, Helſtone
Mrs. Eliz. Strick, Marazion
Mrs. Joan Saundrey, St. Juſt
Mrs. Elizabeth Saundrey, ditto
Mr. Humphrey Stone, ditto
Mr. Bernard Shakerley, ditto
Mrs. E. Sandow, Chyandower
Mr. John Stone, Penzance
Mrs. J. Stephens, St. Ives
Mr. J. Stevens Trevalgen, ditto
Capt. James Stevens, ditto
Mr. Wm. Sandow, St. Erth
Mrs. Mary Samſon, ditto
Mr. John Stephens, Hayle
Mr. James Sanders, Camborne
Mr. M. Stephens, ditto, 2 books
Mrs. E. Shillabeare, Pendervas
Mr. John Symons, St. Agnes
Mr. Thomas Swayne, Redruth
Mr. Richard Smith, ditto
Mr. William Stephens, ditto
Mr. William Stephens, ditto
Mr. Martin Sholl, Truro
Mr. Benjamin Stokes, ditto
Mr. Andrew Stephens, ditto
Mr. John Stephens, ditto
Mr. John Smith, (Exciſe-officer) ditto
Mrs. Ann Sheer, St. Clements
Mr. Peter Salmon, Padſtow
Mr. Nich. Symons, St. Auſtell
Mr. Francis Symons, Tregony
Mr. John Snell, Gerrans
Mrs. Grace Staddon, ditto
Mr. David Spiddon, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Saxon, (gunner,) St. Mawes
Mr. William Stribly, Fowey
Mr. Henry Stephens, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Stabb, ditto
Fran. Spernon, Eſq; Loſtwithiel
Mr. John Sheppard, ditto
Mr. William Symons, ditto
Mr. John Soady, Looe
Mr. John Skardon, South Down
Mr. Joſeph Soper, Milbrook

Mrs. Elizabeth Iſabella Smith, Millbrook
Mr. John Sheep, Eaſt Taphouſe Gate, near Liſkeard
Mr. Tho. Stephens, Kingſand
Mr. Anthony Stephens, ditto
Mr. William Stephens, ditto
Mrs. Suſanna Smith, ditto
Mr. Richard Stanton, Cawſand
Mr. Wm. Spridle, ditto
Capt. William Symons, Corniſh Militia
Thomas Slade, Eſq; Plymouth-dock
Mr. Francis Sweain, ditto
Mr. William Sanders, ditto
Mr. William Shepheard, ditto
Mr. William Stride, ditto
Mr. Rob. Stevens, (rope-maker) ditto
Mr. William Soper, ditto
Mr. Peter Stevens, ditto
Mr. John Stephens, ditto
Mr. John Sambell, ditto
Mr. James Seller, ditto
Mr. Adam Sale, ditto
Mr. Tho. James Selby, ditto
Mr. Wm. Soady, (grocer) ditto
Capt. John Staines, Bedford Regiment
Mr. John Smith, Tarpoint
Mr. Peter Sampſon, ditto
Mr. Wm. Seccombe, Illogan, Cornwall
Mr. David Stideford, (oar-maker,) Dock-yard
Mr. Tho. Strong, (goldſmith) Plymouth
Mr. William Skewes, Exciſe-officer, ditto
Mr. R. B. Symons, (ſilver-ſmith) ditto
Mr. Anthony Southwood, ditto
Mr. Richard Sture, ditto
Mr. John James Stuckey, (Exciſe-officer, Four-Caſtles,) Plymouth
Mrs. Elean. Snell, King's-arms, ditto
Wm. Shepherd, Eſq; ditto
Mr. William Smith, ditto
Mr. Rich. Southwood, ditto
Mr. E. Sterling, ditto
Mr. P. Swaine, (Market-ſtreet) ditto
Mr. William Sedgwick, ditto
Mr. J. Stidſon, (painter) ditto
Mr. Philip Smith, ditto
Mr. John Saunders, ditto
Mr. E. Spry, (M. D. &c.) ditto
Mr. Robert Saunders, ditto
Sutton, Eſq; ditto
Miſs Catherine Stephens, ditto
Mr. Edmond Saunders, ditto
Mr. James Smith, ditto
Mr. N. Saunders, ditto
Mr. John Seely, ditto
Mr. John Saunders, (block-maker,) ditto
Mr. G. Smith, junr. ditto
Mr. Wm. Smith, Gent. Plymouth-Theatre
Mr. John Sanders, Oreſton
Miſs J. Spry, Plymouth-dock
Mr. J. Spry, Ch. Ch. Oxford
Rev. Mr. George Score, (clerk) Topſham
Mr. Wm. Smith, (St. Sidwells) Exeter
Mr. George Sloman, W. P. M. St. John's Lodge, ditto
Mr. Wm. Strong, (St. John's) ditto
Mr. James Sanders, (tin-plate-worker, ditto
Mr. W. Stephens, (ſadler) ditto
Mr. Charles Sweetland, ditto
Mr. Thomas Summers, ditto

Mr. W. Spring (St. John's Lodge, Exeter
Mr. J. Spreat, (St. Sidwells) ditto
Mrs. Shillard, ditto
Mr. Henry Smith, ditto
Mr. J. Shipton, ditto
Mr. Walter Pryn Seth, W. J. W. St. George's Lodge, ditto
Mr. H. Stoyle, (proctor) ditto
Mr. Charles Sanderes, ditto
Mr. G. Schwartz, (merchant) ditto
Mrs. Susanna Speare, ditto
Mr. J. Seward, (rope-maker) ditto
Mr. Joseph Steere, ditto
Mr. Nath. Saunders, ditto
Mrs. Ann Sircombe, ditto
Mr. John Shute, ditto
Mr. Daniel Simpson, ditto
Mr. John Seaman, (St. George's Lodge,) King's Dragoon-Guards
Mr. John Street, (St. George's Lodge,) King's Dragoon-Guards
Mr. Thomas Sims, Woodchester, Gloucestershire
Mr. Richard Strong, Tiverton
Mrs. Sarah Snell, ditto
Mr. William Smale, junr. ditto
Mr. Wm. Sharland, ditto
Mr. Sweet, Attorney at Law, ditto
Mr. John Shepherd, Crediton
Mr. John Smale, ditto
Humphrey Savery, Esq; ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Snelling, ditto
Mr. Thomas Salter, (Ship) Heavitree
Rev. Mr. John Simons, ditto
Mr. Wm. Skinner, Thorverton
Mr. Stephen Shute, surgeon, Cullompton
Mr. H. Skinner, surgeon, ditto

T

Sir Christopher Treise, bart.
Mr. Joseph Tolson, Falmouth
Mr. James Tippet, ditto
Mrs. Chastity Treglohan, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Todd, ditto
Mrs. Tonkin (Coffee-House), ditto
Miss Tydd, Pendinnis Castle
Mr. John Thomas, Flushing
Mrs. Elizabeth Trounce, ditto
Mr. John Trattle, ditto
Mrs. Jane Tregoning, ditto
Mrs. Blanch Terrell, ditto
Mr. John Teague, (cabinet-maker) Truro
Mr. John Thomas, (attorney) Truro
Mr. P. Tippet (collector) ditto
Mr. Thomas Tuck, ditto
Mr. Peter Traer, ditto
Mr. William Tregaskis, ditto
Mr. Abraham Trahar, ditto
Mr. Samuel Tresidder, Budock
Mr. Henry Thomas, Menackan
Mr. Wm. Thomson, Helston
Mr. Nicholas Trengrouse, ditto
Mr. Richard Thomas, ditto
Miss Eleanor Thomas, St. Johns
Mr. Wm. Thomas, ditto
Mr. John Treluddra, Marazion
Mr. John Teague, Perron Ultho
Mr. J. Tremeathak, jun. Paul
Mr. T. Tremewan, St. Buryan
Mr. Edward Tonkin, Newlyn
Mr. John Tregear, St. Just
Mr. Henry Thomas, Penzance
Mr. Ralph Tonkin, ditto
Mr. Frederick Tresidder, ditto
Mr. George Treweeke, ditto
Mr. T. Tonkin, Penrose-Sennen
Mr. Richard Treeve, Sennen
Mr. R. Thomas, Trengothall
Mr. Walter Thomas, Grampond

Mrs. Mary Thomas, Boſiſtow
Mr. Philip Tregortha, Newlyn
Mr. T. Tuckfield, Chyandower
Mr. Tho. Trenwith, St. Ives
Mr. John Thomas, ditto
Mrs. Catharine Thomas, ditto
Mrs. Sarah Tilly, Ludgvan
Mr. John Tippet, Hayle
Mr. R. Trevithick, Camborne
Mr. Ridginald Thomas, ditto
Miſs Eliza Trevenen, ditto
Mr. William Tabb, ditto
Mr. John Tyack, ditto
Mr. James Tabb, ditto
Mr. Thomas Treziſe (ſurgeon), St. Agnes
Mr. Francis Treziſe, ditto
Mr. Richard Tredinick, ditto
Mr. John Tregellas, ditto
Mr. Nicholas Trevena, Redruth
Mrs. Jane Taunton, ditto
Mr. John Trevethan, ditto
Mr. Richard Trevorah, ditto
Mr. William Teague, Redruth-Highway
Mr. Francis Thomas, Phillack
Mr. Tho. Treſtreale, Kenwyn
Mr. Robert Treweek, Merther
Mr. Francis Tom, St. Columb
Mr. C. Tremayne, Wendron
Mr. George Tallack, St. Auſtel
Mrs. Tremayne, Heligan
Mr. A. Thomas, Grampond
Mr. Tho. W. Tocker (attorney), Tregony
Mrs. Mary Thomas, Gerrans
Mr. Nic. Tiddy, St. Juſt
Mrs. Jane Tonken, St. Mawes
Mr. William Trubody, Fowey
Mr. John Thomas, Loſtwithiel
Mr. John Treſidder, Milbrook
Mr. Richard Triggs, ditto
Mr. Tho. Trudgian, Plymouth-dock
Mr. John Thomas, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Richard Trezidder, ditto
Mr. Nicholas Tippet, ditto
Mrs. Mary Towſon, ditto
Mr. William Tickell, ditto
Mr. John Thomas, Plymouth-dock Yard
Mr. Mat. Tucker (ſail-maker), ditto
Mr. T. Tarraway, ditto ditto
Mr. N. Toms (cheque-office), ditto
Mr. Tho. Toms (ſawyer), ditto
Mr. William Tremellin, Briton-Side, Plymouth
Digory Tonkin, eſq. (agent Victualing-office) ditto
Mr. Dan. B. Thomas, ditto
Mr. John Tolcher, ditto
Mr. Thomas Tetlow, ditto
Mr. James Tanner, ditto
Mr. J. Treeby, (Old Town) ditto
Mrs. Eleonora Thompſon, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Tolcher, ditto
Mr. John Thornton, ditto
Mrs. Thomas, Saltaſh
Mr. Samuel Trickey, Plympton
Mrs. Mary Thomas, Oreſton
Rev. Mr. Taſker, Rector of Iddeſleigh
Mrs. Mary Tucker, (Oxford Inn) Exeter
Mr. J. Tucker, (Cooper) ditto
Mr. M. Talley, Attorney at Law, (St. John's Lodge) ditto
Mr. Z. Turner (St. George's Lodge) ditto
M. Anthony Tremlett, ditto
Mr. James Tremlett, ditto
Mr. J. Tucker, (fuller) ditto
Mr. Hen. Tozer, (glazier) ditto
Mr. John Thuillier, ditto
Mr. George Townſhend, ditto

Mr. Thomas Turner, (St. John's Lodge) ditto
Mr. B. Thorn (Bookſeller) ditto
Mr. William Tucker, Tiverton
Rev. Mr. Wm. Tanner, ditto
Rev. Mr. Tho. Tanner, ditto
Mr. Edward Tucker, ditto
Mr. James Turner, ditto
Mr. C. Towill, Teingmouth

U

Mr. Stephen Uſtick, Falmouth
Mr. J. Uſtick, Murvah
Mrs. P. Uſtick, Penzance
Mrs. K. Uſtick, Padſtow
Mr. N. Upjohn, Plymouth
Mr. T. Underhill (St. Thomas), Exon
Mr. Charles Upham, Exeter
Mr. Philip Upcott, Raddon

V

Mr. R. Vivian, Falmouth
Nic. Vyvyan, eſq. Menackan
Rev. John G. Vivers, Marazion
Mr. R. Vinicombe, Madron
Mr. Richard Victor, Bogodno
Mr. Richard Vingoe, Trevelly
Mr. Charles Vibert, Penzance,
Mrs. Bridget Vivian, St. Ives
Mr. Johnſon Vivian, St. Erth
Mr. Roger Vivian, Hayle
Mr. Rowland Veale, Gwithian
James Vivian, eſq. Camborne
Mrs. Eliz. Vivian, ſen. ditto
Miſs Jane Vivian, ditto
Mr. John Vivian, ditto
Miſs Eliza Vivian, ditto
Mr. Andrew Vivian, ditto
Mr. John Vivian, Redruth
Mr. William Veale, Truro
Mrs. Vivian, ditto
Mr. John Vice, ditto
Mr. James Vivian, Padſtow
Mr. L. Vanderſluys, Loſtwithiel
Mr. Robert Vallack, Kingſand
Mr. John Veale, Kingſand
Mrs. Margaret Vallack, ditto
Mr. James Vallack, Cawſand
Capt. Wm. Veale, Trevayler
Mr. Sampſon Veale (joiner), Plymouth dock Yard
Mr. Iſaac Viam, (ſawyer), ditto
Mrs. S. Vice, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Andrew Veal, Tamerton
Mr. Arthur Venning, Totnes
Mr. Edward Vingoe, Paington
Miſs Mary Vinicombe, Exeter
Mr. William Vevers, ditto
Mr. Alexander Voyſey, ditto
Rev. Mr. John Vye, ditto

W

Rev. Mr. E. Walmſley, Falmouth
Rev. Mr. P. Webber, jun. ditto
Dr. Wolcot, ditto
Mr. R. Williams, (block-maker) ditto
Mr. William Wheatley, ditto
Mr. Arthur Williams, ditto
Mr. John Williams, Fluſhing
Mrs. Wauchope, ditto
Mr. Wauchope, ditto
Mr. Wm. Willoughby, ditto
Mr. Peter Warren, ditto
Mr. Henry Williams, Coverack
Mr. Hugh Williams, ditto
Mr. John Williams, Gweek
Mrs. M. Williams, Trellowarren
Mr. Wm. Williams, Helſtone
Mr. Francis Williams, Marazion
Mr. John Wright, Mouſehole
Mr. John Wright, ſen. ditto
Mrs. Jane Webb, Boſcawan
Mr. James Waymouth, Selena
Mr. T. Williams, jun. Boſkennal
Miſs C. Walliſh, St. Buryan
Mr. James Williams, ditto
Mr. John Williams, St. Juſt
Mr. Ralph Williams, jun. ditto
Mr. Henry Williams, ditto

Mr. Nicholas Wallis, Madron
Mrs. R. Williams, Mayon Sennen
Mr. George Woodis, Penzance
Mr. W. Waymouth, Newlyn
Mrs. S. Wearne, Chyandower
Mr. T. Wallis (Cuſtom-houſe), St. Ives
Mr. Robert Watts, ditto
Mr. James Wallis, ditto
Mr. William Worth, ditto
Mr. R. White, St. Hillary
Mr. Roger Wearn, St. Erth
Mr. Richard Wearn, ditto
Mr. Roger Wearn, Hayle
Mr. Sam. Williams, Camborne
Mr. Thomas Webſter, ditto
Mr. Francis Webſter, Illogan
Mr. Arthur Woolf, ditto
Mr. Maherſhalalhaſhbaz Webſter, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Wiſe, Pool
Mr. Henry Woolcock, Redruth
Mr. Nicholas Williams, ditto
Mr. D. Wiſe (ſurgeon), ditto
Mr. Richard Williams, ditto
Mr. J. James Waſon, St. Agnes
Mr. John Whitburn, Gwennap
Mr. Tho. Wilſon, Chacewater
Mr. John Williams, ditto
Mr. John Williams, Chacewater-Mine
Rev. Mr. Wm. Williams, Truro
Mr. William Wills, ditto
Mr. Stephen Williams, ditto
Mr. John Wivell, ditto
Mr. William Wood, ditto
Mr. John Woolcock, jun. ditto
Mr. Thomas Warren, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, ditto
Mr. William Warren, Killiow
Mrs. Ann Walkey, St Columb
Mr. Henry Warne, ditto
John Willyams, eſq. Trekening
Mr. James Williams, St. Auſtel
Mr. John Williams, St. Auſtel
Mr. Richard Williams, ditto
Mr. J. White, Grampond
Miſs M. Walker, ditto
Mr. Mathias Watts, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth Willenton, ditto
Rev. Mr. J. Whitaker, R. of Ruan-Lanihorne
Mrs. Jane Williams, Gerrans
Lieut. J. Whiſton, St. Mawes
Mrs. Elizabeth Wakem, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Weekes, Merther
Mrs. Ann Watts, Fowey
Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, ditto
Mr. William White, ditto
Rev. Mr. Walker, Landlivery
Mr. John Weſtlake, Loſtwithiel
Mr. John Williams, ditto
Mr. William Weſtlake, ditto
Mr. E. Williams, South-Down
Mr. John Waymouth, Milbrook
D. Wilſon, eſq. (Royal reg.)
Capt. James Willyams, Truro
Mr. Peter Webb, Kingſand
Mr. D. Williams, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Roger Wood, ditto
Mr. John Webbling, ditto
Mr. Charles Webb, ditto
Mr. J. Winter (King's Arms), ditto
Mr. Wm. Worth (Market-houſe Inn), ditto
Mr. A. Williams (ſail-maker), Plymouth-dock Yard
Mr. G. Wyatt (ſhipwright), ditto
Mr. N. Williams (ſmith), ditto
Mr. John White, ditto
Mr. James White, ditto
Mr. Martin Weſt (cooper), Victualing-office, Plymouth
Mr. J. Weſt (cooper), ditto ditto
Mr. Andrew Williams (cooper), ditto ditto

Mr. J. Widdicombe, Plymouth
Mr. Thomas Wiggington, ditto
Mrs. Eleanor Walker, ditto
Mr. John Watts, Broad-ſtreet, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Willcocks, (Exciſe-officer) ditto
Mr. J. Wheeler (auctioneer), ditto
Mr. Nicholas Willbourn, ditto
Mr. John Wotton, ditto
Mrs. Elizabeth White, ditto
Mr. John Wills, ditto
Mr. Edward Williams, ditto
Mrs. Rebecca Weeks, ditto
Mr. Moſes Williams, ditto
Mr. Robert Wandlaſs, ditto
Mr. Richard Woodley, ditto
Mr. C. Whitfield, (attorney) ditto
Mr. Samuel Wood, ditto
Mr. Edward Webb, ditto
Mr. John Williams (gardener), ditto
Mr. Henry Weſtlake, ditto
Mr. E. Woodward, Stonehouſe
Mr. William Wilſon, Tarpoint
Mr. Nicholas Williard, Saltaſh
Mr. Jas. Webb (ſchool-maſter), ditto
Mr. Sam. Windeatt, Bridgetown
Thomas Winſloe, eſq. Tiverton
Mr. Beavis Wood (attorney), ditto
Rev. Mr. William Wood, ditto
Rev. Mr. Thomas Wood, ditto
Mr. William Whitton, ditto
Mrs. Sarah Webb, ditto
Mr. Thomas Warren, ditto
Mr. John Woodcock, ditto
Mr. John Warren, ditto
Mr. Samuel Wheaton, ditto
Mr. John Welch, Silverton
Mr. J. Withycombe, Teignmouth
Mr. William Wyatt, Crediton
Mr. Joſeph Wilſon, ditto
Mr. Bernard Wright, (ſurgeon) Cullompton
Mr. Anthony Weekes, ditto
Miſs Dorothy White, Ide
James White, eſq. Exeter
Mrs. S. Woodall (baker), ditto
Mr. Wm. Williams (baker), ditto
Mr. Joſeph Wadelton, ditto
Mr. John Withers, ditto
Mr. L. Williams (W. P. G. J. W. Devon & Exon, and W. P. M. St. George's Lodge), ditto
Mr. W. L. Woolcombe (W. S. W. St. George's Lodge), ditto
Mr. Wm. Walker, (Treaſurer St. George's Lodge), ditto
Mr. Williams (attorney-at-law), ditto
Mr. Wm. White, (hair-dreſſer) ditto
Mr. James Waſcomb, ditto
Mr. James Wilmot, ditto
Mr. Jonathan Worthy, ditto
Mr. J. Williams, jun. ditto
Mr. William Walker, ditto
Miſs Eliz. Wrankmore, ditto
Mr. John Wright, ditto
Mr. Philip Williams, ditto
Miſs Elizabeth Willcocks, ditto
Mrs. Wells, Exeter Theatre

Y

Mr. Thomas Yeats, Crowan
Mr. E. Yeoland, Plymouth
Mr. Philip Yeoland, ditto
Mr. John Yeo, Crediton

Z

Mrs. C. Zorn, Plymouth-dock
Mr. Robert Zelly, Tiverton

ERRATA.

Page 11, Line 11,—*For* resign'd, *read* resign'dst.

12, 14,—*For* No, *read* To.

27, 19,—*For* gloomy, *read* serious;

33, 11,—*For* hopes, *read* hope.

35, 1,—*For* joys, *read* joy.

LIFE REVIEW'D.

As oft as I ſurvey this hallow'd Ground,
And ſolitary trace its awful Round,
By Turns the ſilent ſleeping Beds draw near,
Of Friends, Companions, or Relations dear;
Late the kind Sharers of each chearful Hour,
But Pris'ners now to Death's all-conq'ring Pow'r,
In thoſe dark Caverns, whence they cannot riſe,
'Till the laſt Trump' ſhall call them to the Skies;
Then ev'ry Nerve (tho' into Atoms hurl'd)
Shall re-unite, and join th' aſſembling World.
Conſcience (inſpir'd from each obſcure Abode,)
Crys out, Prepare! prepare! to meet thy God!
Aloud proclaims a Day of final Doom,
Which Sound re-echoes from each neighb'ring Tomb.
Vault after Vault, and Grave on Grave appear,
The High, the Low, the Fool, the Wiſe, lie here;

Here all Diſputes are huſh'd, Diſſentions ceaſe,
And each partakes profound, *untaſted* Peace.
Heedleſs of Grandeur paſt, the nobleſt Buſt
Diſſolves, or mingles with the Peaſant's Duſt.
Titles, Diſtinctions, Precedence, and Names,
Conteſted once, might ſet the World in Flames,
Now reconcil'd, no more to Feuds give Birth,
But blend promiſcuous in the Womb of Earth;
Where deep Oblivion's Reign obſcures each Senſe,
Strict Silence ſeals the Tongues of Eloquence,
Inaction binds each nervous powerful Arm,
And foul Corruption blights each former Charm;
Humour and Wit deſert this dreary Spot
Where Arts and Sciences are all forgot;
" As much by Him who Life to Day reſign'd
" As thoſe who've ſlept for Ages out of Mind." †
Here Perſecution can no more infeſt,
And Merit from Detraction is redreſt:
Fell Envy's Sting diſlodg'd, all Diſcord fled,
A ſolemn Stillneſs reigns among the Dead.

† Pope's Eſſay.

In

In yon' diſtinguiſh'd, unincumber'd Spot*.
(Tho 'not exempted from the common Lot,
Nature's great Debt diſcharg'd, to Earth conſign'd)
There reſt the Relicts of a noble Mind; §
Whoſe Splendour an unnumber'd Number fed,
That under his Auſpices earn'd their Bread;
His Looks depending Thouſands kept in Awe,
His Form ſpoke Majeſty, his Word a Law;
Of Knowledge gain'd by few he was poſſeſs'd,
And with Succeſſes eminently bleſs'd;

New

* A particular Part of the Conſecrated Ground where thoſe, whoſe Circumſtances will not afford to pay the required Premium, were not permitted to be buried.

§ The late W-ll--m L-m-n, Eſq; Grandſire to the preſent Sir W-ll--m L-m-n, Bart. This Gentleman was graceful and manly in his Perſon, over which was diffus'd an expreſſive Grandeur, which exacted Homage from all who approach'd him: Yet in his Behaviour towards thoſe with whom he convers'd, open, eaſy, and free. He was endow'd with an extraordinary Share of intellectual Qualifications, and in various Degrees of extenſive Knowledge excell'd moſt of his Cotemporaries. He had the Honour of being held in high Eſtimation by ſome of the firſt Perſonages in this Kingdom, and the Pleaſure of ſeeing himſelf the Benefactor of great Numbers of the lower Claſs, by encouraging Labourers and Artificers of almoſt every Denomination.—He clos'd an active and beneficial Life in the Year 1760.

New Plans devis'd, by which himſelf he made
The Arm of Commerce, and Support of Trade;
Improvements ſtill held forth to public View,
Tending to pleaſe, to help, and ſuccour too;
At once t' engage the Pleaſure-ſeeking Eye,
And all th' induſtrious Labourer's Needs ſupply;
Rural Receſſes, Halcion Retreats,
Exalted Structures, and delightful Seats;
(Magnificence, with Beauty, grac'd the Whole,
Spreading the Owner's Name from Pole to Pole;)
He form'd, nor leſs did his ſtrong Coffers hold,
Treaſures of Wealth, uncounted Heaps of Gold.
Thus to the Age of Man arriv'd, he then
With Honour clos'd his threeſcore Years and ten:
Such was the Man whom *Pleb'ians* now ſurvey
Beneath their Feet, reduc'd to common Clay,
On the ſame Level with the abject Poor,
" 'Tis all He is"---*dead*:---*Monarchs* are no more!
When the grim Tyrant has his Warrant giv'n,
And comes commiſſion'd from the Court of Heav'n.

No

No human Power his Forces can withſtand,
Nor Angel 's Arm repel his lifted Hand:
Regardleſs of Diſtinctions, Sex, or Age,
He conquers all with whom he dares t' engage.
For lo! beneath this memorable Tomb,
Victim to Death's Arreſt in Manhood's Bloom,
All earthly Confidence hence to deſtroy,
A Father's Hope, and doating Mother's Joy,
Lies, th' only Son; ‖ them Providence had giv'n,
The greateſt Bleſſing they enjoy'd from Heav'n;
Their mutual Cares this much lov'd Youth did ſhare,
To their large Fortune, and joint Virtues, Heir;
But Fate, to mortal Happineſs ſevere,
Invaded e'er he reach'd his thirtieth Year;
Phyſical Skill in vain eſſay'd to ſave
The deſtin'd Victim from an early Grave: Yet

‖ Mr. C-h-ls P-t-rs, Junr. was endow'd with every Accompliſhment requiſite to form the compleat Gentleman in the moſt extenſive Comprehenſion of that Title, and adorn the Poſſeſſion of the affluent Fortune to which his Birth entitled him.—He was eaſy of Acceſs, free, and condeſcending to all Men; his Amuſements were rational and manly; and a peculiar Moderation therein, together with the conſtant Practice of every moral Virtue, diſtinguiſh'd him from moſt of his Age and Rank. As a civil Magiſtrate his Conduct was exemplary, and in every relation in Life Praiſe-worthy.

Yet whilſt his Conduct Mem'ry ſhall retain,
Tho' ſhort his Race, he lived not in vain;
A Pattern for ſucceeding great and ſmall,
Courteouſly kind, and affable to all;
By no rude Paſſions was his Mind beguil'd,
His Carriage humble, and his Temper mild;
Chearfully grave and elegantly plain,
Pride he deſpis'd, with all her baneful Train;
Upon his Lips no guileful Treach'ry hung,
Nor Falſhood ſtain'd the Tenor of his Tongue;
When public Offices became his Care,
Lenity mingled with meek Juſtice there:
In private Life, what meeting Virtues blend!
The duteous Son, kind Brother, ſtedfaſt Friend:
To him Diſtreſs unheeded ne'er complain'd,
Alike by Vice and Avarice unſtain'd;
To Heaven's Appointment happily reſign'd,
Serene he died, and left Life's Pomp behind.
May ſuch Examples point our Thoughts to riſe
From Earth, and ſoar to Manſions in the Skies;

'Twixt

'Twixt Gain, Ambition, and vain Folly's Call,
Keep the ſtrict mean, indiff'rent to them all,
Anſw'ring (when each for Eminence contends)
Here Folly ceaſes, and Ambition ends.* *The Grave.
Thus when we ruminate, where Laurel blooms,
O'er Hero's Monuments, and Conqu'ror's Tombs,
They add no more, but this ſtrict Truth maintains,
" Nought but a Heap of putrid Clay remains."
In this ſame Sepulchre with filial Care
Interr'd, here reſt the venerable Pair, †
Whoſe proſp'rous Days did long and cloudleſs run,
'Till Death depriv'd them of their darling Son;
Suddenly ſnatch'd him from their feeble Arms,
And ſtrip'd the World of her deluſive Charms:
Whence ſadly taught by the inſtructive Foe,
That Vanity's the End of all below;

They

† Mr. and Mrs. P-t-rs, the Parents of Mr. C. P-t-rs, Junr. were as univerſally reſpected as known; they liv'd happily, unmoleſted by the Severity of Fate till their advanc'd Age, when they receiv'd their Portion of temporal Affliction in the Loſs of this amiable young Gentleman.

They earneſt long'd to cloſe the painful Strife
Nor longer draw the heavy Clog of Life.
Being its Inheritance reſerv'd to know
When Strength ebb'd out, and ev'ry Pulſe beat low;
In their laſt Stage by one faint Evening Ray
Doom'd to ſupport the Burthen of the Day.
Alarming Circumſtance! but none can be
Mortal, and from all human Sorrows free;
Life on us Death, and Pains, and Cares doth bind,
And Suff'ring is the Lot of all Mankind:
Thro' Time's dark Paſſage, Woe's impetuous Flood,
O'erwhelms alike the Evil and the Good.
Thoſe walk'd with Caution, and no Act appears,
To blot the long Succeſſion of their Years;
Humility and Kindneſs were their Guide,
Blameleſs they lived, and virtuouſly they died.
Near to this Spot, but where no Trace appears,
Since Twenty-one long circulating Years
Hath levell'd all, and left no Mark whereby
To point the Cave out where his Duſt doth lye.

Who

Who, tho' diſtinguiſh'd by no ſuperb Birth,
Nor ſounding Title of the High of Earth,
Poſſeſs'd an humble Heart and gen'rous Mind,
Thoſe brighteſt Ornaments of Human Kind.
No temp'ral Diſappointments cou'd defeat
His Hopes, which ne'er aſpir'd at being great;
To live content and peaceful, was the Plan
Of this humane, benev'lent, worthy Man:
For his own Uſes, and to help the Poor,
He ever found Supplies; nor graſp'd at more;
But did his Mite to Miſery impart,
With lib'ral Hand, and ſympathizing Heart.
To Kindneſs ready, and to Anger ſlow,
During his Life he never made a Foe;
But did to all Mankind good Will extend,
And ev'ry Individual was his Friend.
To him for Succour oft the Helpleſs fled,
His needy Neighbour at his Table fed;
The houſeleſs Stranger, with Fatigue oppreſs'd,
Beneath his Roof, Refreſhment found and Reſt;

When chearful Friends ſat round his feſtive Board,
(With hoſpitable Plenty aptly ſtor'd,)
To Merit he did ſtill direct the Toaſt,
And made him welcomeſt who wanted moſt.
Deceit and Guile his open Heart abhor'd,
He 'gainſt the Innocent took no Reward,
Nor haſted Widows' Houſes to devour,
But aided all unto his utmoſt Pow'r;
In all his Dealings he was juſt and true,
His Virtues many, and his Faults but few:
This Atteſtation Candour doth impell
From me, who knew his Principles ſo well.
Then, long and much lamented Relicks dear,
Accept the Tribute of a filial Tear,
Which grateful Nature to thy Mem'ry lends,
Thou beſt of Fathers, and thou beſt of Friends.
Were but thy Deeds of Charity here ſhown,
Characteriz'd upon the ſpeaking Stone,
Then for Inſtruction might Ambition come,
And find a Leſſon in thy honeſt Tomb:

For

For if unfeigned general Love within,
And charitable Acts, attone for Sin,
And thoſe entitle to Rewards divine,
The glorious Promiſe ſurely muſt be thine.
Bleſſings Heav'n gave thee here, yet did inſtill
Into thy Cup Conſumption's bitter Ill;
Which with thy Nature wag'd a painful Strife,
And one inceſſant Struggle render'd Life:
But here thou ſlumber'ſt, not in Earth alone,
For thy Cotemporaries, one by one,
Have almoſt all, ſince thou reſign'd thy Breath,
Been laid low with thee in the Vale of Death.
So we, who populate the preſent Age,
And act our Parts on Life's phantaſtic Stage,
Whilſt, in their Turn, for us our Children weep,
E'er long cut down, ſhall with our Fathers ſleep.
Some premature doth Fate from Time divide,
Lopping the Branches whilſt the Roots abide,
Strides o'er the lowly Shrub, and aims his Stroke
Rapacious at the lofty-tow'ring Oak,

Which falls before him, and augments his Reign
O'er Heaps of Carcaſes and Crowds of Slain:
For in yon Dome, a haſty Prey to Fate,
(Juſt ſhot from Childhood's inoffenſive State,)
Lies her,* late ſprightly as the tender Fawn,
That bounding gambols o'er the verdant Lawn;
Fair as the Morning of a Summer's Day,
And ſweet as Flow'rets in the fragrant May;
Whilſt moſt to charm her gentle Mind contends
Indulgent Parents and admiring Friends,
With all which cou'd the youthful Fancy pleaſe,
Succeſſive Pleaſures, Affluence and Eaſe,
She found below,---nothing cou'd Nature do
No make Life's Joys more permanently true:
But vain, alas! are all the Hopes of Man,
His Tenor brittle, and his Life a Span:
Death, ſubtle Miner! work'd with certain Sloth,
Infus'd his Poiſon in her rapid Growth;

Thro'

* Miſs N-n-cy A-ll-n, who died in a Conſumption when ſhe was about 17 Years of Age.

Thro' all her Vitals a dire Venom ſhed,
And rank'd the lovely Maid amongſt the Dead:
Nor cou'd her Conqueſt glut th' inſatiate Foe,
With fourfold Force he dealt his mighty Blow,
And three (not yet arriv'd at Man's Eſtate)
Promiſing Brothers ſhar'd her early Fate;
Perhaps collected to the peaceful Tomb
From gath'ring Clouds, and evil Days to come:
As from rude Winds and over-bearing Show'rs,
Men guard with prudent Care the tendereſt Flow'rs,
So thoſe ſafe ſhelter'd 's to be underſtood,
Who die betimes, whilſt innocent and good,
Greatly diſtinguiſh'd in Heav'n's wiſe Intents,
Which only does foreſee and rule Events.

Th' adjacent Pile contains a much-lov'd Friend,†
Whoſe Principles all Nature muſt commend;

There

† Mrs. M—y N-wt—n, who died in March 1777, aged about 24, in Child-Bed. She was deſervedly and univerſally lamented by all who particularly knew her. She was a chearful Companion, and an agreeable Friend; endow'd with an eminent Share of ſprightly Wit, blended with ſolid Reaſon, and every other Qualification requiſite to compleat an amiable Woman.

There Senſe with Sweetneſs jointly did combine,
And variegated Charms did round her ſhine ;
Above Diſguiſe, a Stranger to Deceit,
She neither ſcorn'd the Low, nor fear'd the Great ;
But was from each Extreme alike remov'd,
To all obliging, and by all belov'd.
With Sentiments refin'd her Boſom glow'd,
Which from her Tongue in ſoft Perſuaſion flow'd ;
Her Converſation, innocently gay,
Made Hours and Days unheeded glide away :
Tho' ſparkling Wit ſupremely ſhe poſſeſs'd,
Good-nature govern'd in her gen'rous Breaſt ;
Induſtrious to ſuppreſs an ill Report,
And blunt the Edge of Scandal's cruel Court ;
Each injur'd Name with Warmth ſhe did defend,
Ever moſt pleas'd, when moſt ſhe cou'd befriend :
'Twas univerſal Love inform'd her Soul,
And ſolid Judgment crown'd the finiſh'd Whole ;
Early eſteem'd, ſhe young became a Wife,
And *Mother*, then reſign'd her valued Life !

A ſud-

A ſudden Chill damp'd all her vital Powers,
As bluſt'ring Winds conſume the faireſt Flowers;
O penſive Thought! O melancholy Theme!
Which makes the Mind with ſad Reflections teem,
In Bloom of Youth and circling Joys! cut down;
Others in Prime of Age and fair Renown:
Can none of thoſe ſucceed to purchaſe Breath?
Or from his Purpoſe bribe the Monſter Death?
All, all, together join'd, their Force muſt fail,
Nor can the pureſt Virtues thus prevail.
Then what is Life? its pompous vain Parade?
The empty Shadow of a fleeting Shade;
Its Hopes a Bubble, its beſt Joys a Toy,
Which Chance may break, or Accident deſtroy.
Tho' worldly Minds, Ambition's Slaves conſpire
To raiſe their Names & build their Fortunes higher.
Thus runs our Title, on receiving Breath,
Sin's Subjects, Sons of Woe, and Heirs of Death;
Which Sentence all Mankind ſhall doubtleſs ſhare,
How e'er divided in their Stations here.

Lab'rinth of Ills, yet Path to Worlds of Bliſs,
If well improv'd the Good receiv'd in this.
Th' opulent Man who worſhips with his Store,
And the meek Bearing of the patient Poor,
Alike, in the approving Eye of *Heaven*,
Shall find Acceptance, and Reward be given:
In whoſe large Mercies and Paternal Care,
The Prince and Beggar have an equal Share.
Diſtinct our ſev'ral Lots are made below,
For wiſe Intents which we're forbid to know;
The well-wrought Chain in due Proportions roll,
And various Links but conſtitute the Whole.
With Earneſtneſs no State's to be deſir'd,
Where much is giv'n, there will be much requir'd,
And Indigence, with wild Impatience borne,
Incurs Heav'n's Anger and eternal Scorn
It matters not who did in Power excell,
Who ſuffer'd moſt, but who have acted well;
Life's choiceſt Gifts thus us'd, its Struggles paſt,
Obedient Duſt returns to Duſt at laſt,

But the wing'd Spirit inſtant upward flies,
(Borne by good Deeds and Faith thro' pendent Skies)
To thoſe pure Plains of perfect Peace and Love,
Th' harmonious Manſions of the Bleſt above.

How ſweet to view the Juſt! what a Perfume
Of Grace and Glory riſes round their Tomb!
This Marble *here* points out M. R. Eſquire, §
Reflection draws th' imperfect Motto higher;
Cauſing juſt Mem'ry in ſtrong Lines to paint
" Here reſt the Manes of a diſtinguiſh'd Saint,
Who, tho' in Fortune high, of Birth elate,
Deign'd to deſcend to Men of low Eſtate;

§ The plain Marble Stone which this refers to, is mark'd only with M. R. the Date, Age, &c. but denotes the Grave of M-c-l R-ſſ-l, Eſq: He was a Gentleman of great Fortune, which he chiefly dedicated to the Relief of the Neceſſitous; avoiding even the leaſt Appearance of Pomp and vain Glory, his Aſſociates were choſen more for their Eminence in Piety and Religion than the Advantages of Birth or Fortune; to be truly good was a never-failing Paſſport to his Boſom Friendſhip; it might juſtly be ſaid, " his Delight was in the Saints that were in the Earth." Thoſe two bright Luminaries of Chriſtianity, the late Rev. Mr. S-m—l W-lk-r and Mr. G—— C—n—n, were his moſt particular Intimates, thro' whoſe unwearied Aſſiduity and ſtedfaſt Perſeverance in the Promotion of Religion and Virtue, it is no Way to be doubted but Thouſands of Souls in the laſt Day will be added to the Number of the Bleſſed.

Proof 'gainſt the Worldling's Sneer & Sland'rer's Rod,
He perſever'd in Truth to worſhip God;
Terreſtrial Honour, with her gaudy Train
Of Pomp and Pleaſures, ſpread her Net in vain;
To thoſe Aſſaults he nobly ſcorn'd to yield,
And under Chriſtian Banners won the Field.
Hope was his Helmet, and his chiefeſt Dreſs
The flowing Robes of Faith and Righteouſneſs:
From Satan's Snares unhurt he did remain,
To Chriſt he liv'd, and died t' immortal Gain."
Within, ‖ rever'd in Death, as lov'd in Life,
Lies his meek, humble, charitable Wife; *

Each

‖ In the Church.

* Mrs. R—ſſ—l was deſcended from a Family of Eminence both in Rank and Fortune, and no leſs diſtinguiſhable for their Benevolence and extenſive Charity.—She was adorn'd with every Advantage of Perſon and Accompliſhment of Mind that can poſſibly center in the human Frame; and even in advanced Age bore ſuch an Impreſs of Lovelineſs and Grace, that every Beholder admired and venerated her; ſhe fed the Hungry and clothed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind and Feet to the Lame, yet never diſcovered the leaſt Propenſity to Oſtenſation, and avoided (as much as poſſible) all popular Applauſe. A warm Heart and an humble Soul actuated all her Deeds, which alone tended to advance the Glory of God, and the Welfare of Mankind.

(Each, equally prepar'd for Life or Death,
At diſtant Periods yielded up their Breath :)
Of all his Virtues largely ſhe partook,
There a Saint's Mind ſhone thro' an Angel's Look,
In her, who every chriſtian Grace poſſeſt
That can refine and purify the Breaſt ;
Strict Piety, with ſoft Compaſſion join'd,
Fill'd all her Moments, and her ſpotleſs Mind ;
Thus conſecrating Time and temp'ral Store
To help and ſuccour the ſurrounding Poor ;
She held for each particular Diſtreſs
A Heart to Pity, and a Hand to bleſs :
Anguiſh to ſooth, th' Diſconſolate to chear,
To wipe from Mis'ry's Eye the falling Tear,
Yielded thoſe pure Delights ſhe wiſh'd to know,
And which from virtuous Acts alone can flow.
Unceaſingly her Deeds of Good did riſe
In balmy Odours to the ſmiling Skies,
Th' approving Godhead, from his radiant Throne,
Well-pleas'd beheld, and ſtamp'd her for his own.

Shed thro' her Soul a ſweet tranſcendent Joy,
Which Time, nor Chance, nor Death cou'd 'ere
deſtroy;
A Bliſs the nat'ral Heart can ne'er conceive,
Libertines ſlight, and Worldlings diſbelieve;
But is a real exiſtent Pleaſure given,
A certain Earneſt of a future Heaven,
Transfuſing o'er the Mind a rapt'rous Peace,
Which thro' eternal Ages will encreaſe:
Such thoſe enjoy'd in tranſient Time, and now
A Weight of Glory crowns each Victor's Brow;
Together bleſs'd on the immortal Shore,
Diſeaſe can't reach, nor Death divide them more:
Tho' here they blaze not in the Liſts of Fame,
The nobleſt Trophy is a virtuous Name,
And theirs preſerv'd with reverential Care,
Embalms the Mem'ry of this gracious Pair. ‖

May

‖ "Hear what the Voice of Heav'n proclaims
"For all the pious Dead;
"Sweet is the Savour of their Names,
"And ſoft their ſleeping Bed." WATTS.

May it excite the Rich and Great to run
Their Chriſtian Race, doing as they have done;
Duly t' improve the Talents Heav'n has lent
To anſwer its Deſign, and grand Intent;
By kind Benevolence augment that Store
They'll then enjoy when Time ſhall be no more;
Like the wiſe Steward in yon Realms prepare,
When this World fails, ſure Habitations there. †
This World, where we from Wave to Wave are toſs'd,
In Jeopardy poſſeſs'd, in uſing loſt,
Its tranſient Joys, which ſhrinks from the Embrace,
And at each Turn Death ſtares us in the Face;
Who hourly to his dark Dominions brings
Infidels, Chriſtians, Cottagers, and Kings:
The ſtouteſt Champion can't reſiſt this Foe,
Nor tender Infancy elude his Blow:
Had Innocence Exemption from his Reign,
This greedy Grave had op'd her Jaws in vain

To

† St. Luke, c. xvi, Verſe ix.—"And I ſay unto you, make to yourſelves Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlaſting Habitations."

To ſnatch her rich Contents, ſweet Peace annoy,
And ſap the Root of all my earthly Joy;
Which cent'ring there confeſs'd Death's ruthleſs Power,
And felt its Force in her departing Hour,
Whoſe Agonies my trembling Heart did ſhare,
And each expiring Groan was echo'd there;
No ſecond Means were left untry'd to ſave
This beauteous Body from the dreary Grave.
Sweet Bloſſom! thou firſt taught'ſt my Breaſt to prove
The warm Effuſions of maternal Love,
Encreaſing from the Inſtant it began,
Whilſt twice & half Twelve Moons their Courſes ran,
When to that Height the tender Paſſion grew,
To part with Life ſeem'd leſs than part with you.
O'er all thy Frame what varying Charms did vie
To fix with Pleaſure my delighted Eye;
Thy inoffenſive Prattle charm'd my Ear,
'Twas Bliſs to ſee, and Harmony to hear:
Perhaps too much Affection might provoke
The Hand of Heav'n to ſend the fatal Stroke,

Cauſing

Cauſing thy gentle Spirit to regain
Her native Skies, and leave me to complain;
Comfort refuſe, and Conſolation ſlight,
In Sighing ſpend each Day, in Tears the Night;
'Till the wild Onſets of diſtracting Grief,
Mellow'd by ſtealing Time, procur'd Relief,
When Reaſon and Religion both combine
T' enforce Submiſſion to the Hand divine; *
Who neither wounds in Sport, nor ſhoots by Chance,
But thro' ſlight Ills does future Bliſs advance.
Then Nature ceaſe, nor longer fruitleſs mourn,
To her I haſte, to me ſhe'll ne'er return,
Who priviledg'd high, forſook Life's thorny Road
Before its Ills laid on their bitter Load;
Diſguſted at this World, the new-come Gueſt
Juſt peep'd thereon, and then retir'd to Reſt.

Sleep

* "Saints! at your heav'nly Father's Word,
"Give up your Comforts to the Lord;
"He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
"Or grant you Bleſſings more divine."

WATTS.

Sleep on, dear Duſt! untainted Soul, ſtill reſt
From all thy Labours, baſk amongſt the Bleſt,
Full in the Beams of thy Redeemer's Face,
And, thro' a Ray of his imparted Grace:
O! may my Soul with thine united ſhare
Thoſe ſpringing Joys which bloom for ever there.
Nature recoils, and bids my Eyes ſurvey
Th' Apartments of (to me) leſs ſtriking Clay;
Which numerous in this Particle of Earth,
(Where ſolemn Thoughts receive immediate Birth)
Mark'd out by Nature from the common Herd,
For ſome peculiar Excellence prefer'd;
Whom Reaſon, Wit, or Beauty did adorn,
Lye here and there as ſcatter'd Grains of Corn;
The Noble, Gen'rous, Candid, and Sincere,
The Sprightly, Active, Gay, and Debonair;
Some who in recent Years were fully known,
Others familiar by Report alone.
Theſe lately mov'd, did all their Rights avow,
And acted as the buſtling World does now;

And Thoſe divided from the Race of Man
E'er the Exiſtence of this Age began.
* Here's one late grac'd with an intrepid Mind,
Of noble Principles and Parts refin'd;
Whoſe Thoughts on Wiſdom's higheſt Pinions ſoar'd,
Whence Senſe exalted guided ev'ry Word;
His Council Sorrow ſooth'd, blind Rage diſarm'd,
And as a well-tun'd Lute his Language charm'd;
Corrected Reaſon all his Paſſions ſway'd,
Judgement's juſt Ballance all his Actions weigh'd;

* R—h—d H--ſſ--y, Eſq; who was an experienced Counſellor and judicious Member of Parliament. His Qualifications and Abilities for each of thoſe Offices were manifeſted by the univerſal Deſire of his officiating in them, and the general Satisfaction and Plaudit which attended all his diſintereſted Proceedings therein. Notwithſtanding the Eminence and Importance of thoſe Avocations which demanded his Attention, he preſerved the moſt implicit filial Reverence towards his venerable Mother; the greateſt Tenderneſs and Affection for his Siſters; a ſincere Good-will towards (and Readineſs to ſerve) his Fellow-Creatures; and a peculiar Kindneſs and Lenity to his Servants, who grew old under his Roof, and when he could no longer make Uſe of their Attendance, he beſtow'd on each what would enable them to ſpend the Remainder of their Days eaſy and comfortable. The Floods of Tears ſhed by Crowds of the Poor at his Grave atteſted the extenſive Charity he exerciſed in private Donations, and gave a convincing Proof of his Obſervance of the Divine Command, viz. "Let not thy Right Hand know what thy Left Hand doth." St. Mat. vi. 4.

Quick to conceive, yet cautious to advance ;
Diſcerning Cauſes at a ſingle Glance ;
He did each Turn and trite Avenue know
In Courts of Juſtice, and in Points of Law ;
The Right from Wrong judiciouſly divide,
Harangue with Candour, and with Truth decide.
When Council call'd to Cabinet Debate,
How mild, how ſtrong, impartial and ſedate,
His ſolid Arguments ſerenely flow'd,
And drew th' Applauſe of the ſurrounding Crowd.
To *Private* he prefer'd the *Public* Weal,
And did a patriotic Ardour feel;
Meaſures, which ſervile Stateſmen wou'd admit,
Oppos'd he with the Firmneſs of a Pitt;
Collected in himſelf, diſdaining Fear,
Alike he held his King and Country dear;
Whom equally to ſerve, ſupport, protect,
He perſever'd, nor ſwerv'd thro' baſe Neglect;
On Glory's Wing his Fame ſpread wide and far,
He grac'd the Senate, and adorn'd the Bar :

Thoſe

Theſe when he died an Ornament reſign'd,
The Deſtitute a Benefactor kind,
Th' Oppreſs'd that Patron who'd their Rights defend,
Honour an Offspring, and Mankind a Friend.

Flavius lies ſilent there, whom all admit,
Wore the keen Plume of double-pointed Wit;
His varying Turns of Lively Humour brought
Perpetual Food for Vacancy of Thought;
Which did a Banquet aptly ſtor'd prepare,
To kill the tedious Hours, and baffle Care;
By pleaſing Rhetoric he did ſtill convey
Amuſement to the Trifling, Vain, and Gay;
Vivacity with careleſs Eaſe combin'd
T' allure the Senſe, and captivate the Mind:
A well concerted Jeſt, or jovial Song,
(The ſocial Hour to heighten or prolong)
Stood ever ready, ſuited to prevent
Th' Approach of Care, and gloomy Diſcontent;
Gloomy Reflections were repuls'd in Haſte;
The chearful Circle ſprightly Flavius grac'd,

Where revell'd Mirth, in loud tumultuous Noiſe,
Light Diſſipation, and exterior Joys:
His Converſe ſhed around a jocund Glee,
Determin'd to be eaſy, blithe, and free;
His Arrows ne'er were pointed to offend
The boon Companion, or the cordial Friend;
Gay Pleaſures round no Leiſure gave to think,
Or near ſurvey the Grave till on its Brink:
Thus ſportive paſs'd he Life's light Hours away,
'Till Fate her Victim claim'd, and Worms their Prey.
Death's icey Graſp does likewiſe here enfold
Amelia, caſt in Nature's faireſt Mould;
Whoſe Graces ſuch, none knew which charm'd the moſt
Of this triumphant univerſal Toaſt:
The giddy Crowd admiring did ſurvey
(Whence numerous Conqueſts mark'd each riſing Day)
Her finiſh'd Form, too delicate to bear
Th' enliv'ning Sun, or renovating Air;

But

But when ſoft Breezes and mild Beams conſpire
To blend the Lilly and the Roſes higher,
By Adulation fir'd, her flutt'ring Breaſt
No other Hope imbib'd, nor Wiſh poſſeſs'd,
But unconteſted Empire to maintain,
And thro' Youth's fleeting Hour the Pageant reign;
Unrivall'd ſtill, to hold deſpotic Sway
O'er the Polite, the Volatile, and Gay:
Thus to Externals ev'ry Thought confin'd,
Uncultivated lay the nobler Mind,
'Till vengeful Time (who ſues for ſad Neglect)
Obſcur'd thoſe Graces which her Perſon deck'd;
With rapid Steps her Beauty did aſſail,
The Lilly pluck'd, and turn'd the Roſes pale;
Obſcur'd the Luſtre of her ſparkling Eyes,
Whence from her Face each Pow'r to conquer flies.
Emphatical ſhe felt this ſtern Demand,
And view'd approaching Death with lifted Hand:
Alarm'd, then ſtarting! woke as from a Trance,
And begg'd a Truce e'er he'd his Pow'rs advance;

Experimentally

Experimentally convinc'd (tho' late)
How tranſient Beauties bloom, and Pleaſures date:
With deep Contrition, not to be expreſs'd,
She turn'd to Heav'n, her num'rous Faults confeſs'd,
Compaſſion aſk'd, thereon alone rely'd,
Calm Peace obtain'd, and unreluctant dy'd.
O, Grace divine! O, never-failing Flood!
Rich Efficacy of a Saviour's Blood,
Which on our Souls in plenteous Show'rs is ſent,
When our Deſerts are only Puniſhment,
By forfeiting, thro' a continual Strife
With Heav'n, all Claim to Everlaſting Life:
Yet ſov'reign Love, indulgent from on High,
Beholds us Creatures with a pitying Eye,
The Saviour, who on Mercy's Errand came,
And knows the Frailties of our mortal Frame,
Atonement pleads, excruciating Pain!
And prays his Blood may not be ſhed in vain;
Snbdu'd the Father's Wrath, and irefull Frown,
He lays th' avenging Sword of Juſtice down;

Whilſt

Whilſt Heav'n's Orcheſtra with Hoſannahs ring,
To David's Son, and Iſrael's hallow'd King,
Whoſe poſitive unerring Word declares,
Reluctant he condemns, with Pleaſure ſpares,
And binds ſuch Union betwixt Earth and Heav'n,
That Angels glory in a Soul forgiv'n : †
No Crimes ſo great Chriſt's Merits can't atone,
Nor Sin-pierc'd Soul excluded Mercy's Throne;
So the Diſtemper'd don't enhance the Wound,
Rolling in Sin that Mercy may abound; *
Reſiſt the Holy Spirit in the Heart,
And, by reſiſting, bid that Gueſt depart;
Thro' ſenſual Luſts the wretched Soul debaſe,
Conviction ſhun, and ſlight the Day of Grace:
To ſuch th' Redeemer in his Goſpel crys,
(Whilſt Tears again bedew immortal Eyes) ‖

" My

† St. Luke, c. xv. verſe 7.— " I ſay unto you, that likewiſe Joy ſhall be in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, more than Ninety-nine juſt Perſons which need no Repentance.'

* Romans, c. vi. verſe 1. &c.— " Shall we continue in Sin, that Grace may abound? God forbid."

‖ St. Luke, c. xix. verſe 41.— " And when he was come near, he beheld the City, and wept over it."

" My Mediation was for thee employ'd,
" O, wretched Man! thou haſt thyſelf deſtroy'd;
" How oft wou'd I (zealous for Mortals good,
" Juſt as the Hen collects her tender Brood) *
" Have ta'en thy Soul beneath my pow'rful Arm,
" And ſhelter'd it from ev'ry kind of Harm;
" But thou each peaceful Overture withſtood,
" And fruitleſs made my Miſſion, Croſs, and Blood
" To thee, which flow'd for all the fallen Race,
" And I to each have ſhewn my ſaving Grace." †
When heav'nly Light dawns on our tender Minds,
How bleſs'd that Soul who with its Influence joins,
Srriving each wayward Paſſion to ſubdue,
Looks thro' the preſent to the future View,
Calmly inſpects each State of Mortal Liſe,
Which ſeeing clog'd with Sorrow, Care, and Strife,
Indiff'rent

* St. Matthew, c. xxiii, verſe 37.— " O, Jeruſalem! Jeruſalem! how often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings, and ye would not."

† " For the Grace of God, which bringeth Salvation, hath appeared unto all Men."

Indiff'rent who may temporal Honours prove,
Aſpires at thoſe more permanent above;
Thither each conſtant Wiſh and Motion bent,
Finds little to amend, or to repent:
Thus led by Grace, ſtedfaſt in Virtue's Way,
Walks on ſecure, nor lets his Footſteps ſtray;
Tranquility each Morning to him ſprings,
Each Midnight Hour ſweet Conſolation brings,
Divine Communion whiſpers in his Breaſt,
Diſpells its Doubts, and ſooths its Cares to reſt;
And whilſt his humble Hopes on Chriſt relies,
Celeſtial Glory beams upon his Eyes:
All ſuch (unceaſing) their glad Off'rings pay
At Heaven's high Altar, ev'ry riſing Day,
And under its divine Protection lye
At Night, indiff'rent, or to ſleep, or dye.
Whatever Pit or rugged Path appears,
In trav'ling thro' this deſert Vale of Tears,
Undaunted thoſe purſue their ſteady Courſe,
Whoſe Pleaſures iſſue from a boundleſs Source, *

* Pſalm lxxxiv. verſes 5, 6, and 7.—— "Bleſſed is the Man whoſe Strength

Tho' raging Malice a black Curtain ſpread,
And Storms of Vengeance threat the guiltleſs Head,
Trials and Perſecutions teem below,
Misfortunes (as a Current) round him flow,
Upborn on Pillars of immortal Hope,
(The firmeſt Baſis, the ſecureſt Prop)
Compos'd he ſees the burſting Torrents roll
In Waves contending to deſtroy the Soul:
Impregnable to thoſe Attempts he ſtands,
(Defended by an Hoſt of glitt'ring Bands)
Truſting for Succour to the Hand unſeen,
Tho' Clouds obſcure, and Croſſes intervene,
While Faith with Fortitude the Boſom ſhares,
What Manhood deeply feels, the Chriſtian bears.
When Death appears, diſrob'd of its Diſguiſe,
And Scorpions ſting before his languid Eyes,
Calmly ſubmiſſive, chearfully reſign'd,
(No guilty Terrors riſing to the Mind)

He

Strength is in thee: in whoſe Heart are thy Ways."—"Who going through the Vale of Miſery, uſe it for a Well: and the Pools are filled with Water."—"They will go from Strength to Strength: and unto the God of Gods appeareth every one of them in Sion."

He views the Joys which Diſſolution brings,
And greets this Mandate from the King of Kings,
Whoſe Vehicle attends to waft him o'er
To fairer Regions, and a ſafer Shore;
Where thro' Empyrean Plains the Spirit roves
Ambroſial Bow'rs, and Aromatic Groves,
From whence, whilſt Floods of Bliſs perpetual flow,
He looks with Pity on Mankind below;
From Joy to Joy, fledg'd with new Glories, flies,
Nor heeds where the deſerted Body lies.

That this is no enthuſiaſtic Theme,
Chimerical Conceit, or fancied Dream,
Demonſtrative to evidence its Truth,
A Child of Piety, from blooming Youth,
* Lies here entomb'd, who Heaven in earneſt ſought,
And ſet the Blandiſhments of Life at nought:

* The eminently pious Mrs. J-ne G-dd-y.—She was the Daughter of the late deſervedly much-eſteemed Mr. W-lt-r R-ſ-ne: About her fifteenth Year (a Time when moſt young People of great Dependencies are launching out into all the faſhionable Amuſements and Gaieties of Life) ſhe became a Convert to Heaven, under the powerful Inſtructions of that faithful Servant

Early the Paths of Righteouſneſs ſhe trod,
Not Worlds cou'd win her to forſake her God,
Nor ſlack her pure conſiſtent Chriſtian Race,
And conſtant Off'rings at the Throne of Grace;
Partaking largly of redeeming Love,
(In copious Streams of Pleaſure from above)
Earth's idle Pomp in vain t' engage her ſought,
Whilſt Mammon Show'rs of golden Treaſures brought;
Theſe cou'd not prompt by Flattery, nor force
Her conſtant Mind to ſhrink from Virtue's Courſe;
She gratefully receiv'd, with Temp'rance us'd,
Nor e'er the Gifts of bounteous Heav'n abus'd.
Thro' a dark Gall'ry*, with a ſolemn Pace,
Death ſtalk'd, ſhe ſaw, nor ſhun'd his cold Embrace;

* Conſumption.

Her

Servant of Chriſt the Rev. Mr. W-lk-r, wherein ſhe perſevered, "turning neither to the Right, nor to the Left," but walked in the Commandments of God all the Days of her Life, which received its Period about her thirtieth Year, leaving behind her, to the Protection of her ſorrowing Friends, one only Child; for the Welfare of whoſe Soul (according to the Tenor of her own Conduct), it is to be preſum'd, ſhe was moſt tenderly concerned, and conſequently recommended her immortal Part in a moſt pathetic Manner to their Attention, when ſhe no longer could watch over her.

Her pious Meditations wing'd their Flight
To the pure Regions of unmix'd Delight,
Where Songs of Praiſe, and gladſome ſhouts of Joy,
Souls, like her own, perpetually employ;
Unaw'd ſhe waited the Command to riſe,
And join the Chorus of the lofty Skies.
With what Serenity, juſt ent'ring Heav'n,
Unto her Friends was her laſt Farewell giv'n!
Imagination fails, juſtly to paint
The weighty Words of an expiring Saint,
Where Duty, Love, and Piety, kept Pace,
And all united in a laſt Embrace.
" Dear Huſband, Father, Mother, we muſt part,
Death, the great Pioneer, has reach'd my Heart;
To you my earthly All I now reſign,
Be your laſt Moments full of Peace like mine;
Yet long and happy may you ſojourn here,
To whoſe kind Care I truſt my Betſy dear;
As yet her Faculties, Deſires, and Will,
Lye wrapp'd in Ignorance of Good and Ill,

And indiſcriminate themſelves diſplay
As Nature points, or Inſtinct's Dictates ſway;
Reaſon, inactive in her infant Breaſt,
(By inoffenſive childiſh Thoughts poſſeſt)
Slumbers, 'till Time, whoſe Race no Pauſe allows,
Her Mind doth ripen, and the Paſſions rouze;
In Youth's gay Seaſon prone to ſtart aſide
From ſerious Thought, and follow Cuſtom's Guide,
Within whoſe View Life's promis'd Date appears
A long, long Series of revolving Years;
Which ſhews Eternity, whilſt Health beats high,
Too diſtant for the Ken of human Eye,
Religious Duties fit alone t' engage
Diſtemper'd Bodies, and decrepit Age;
Holding it certain, that the lateſt Breath
May mediate with Heav'n, and treat with Death:
Fatal Miſtake! ſince Time's inceſſant Wave
Bears rapid from the Cradle to the Grave;
Death's dread Allies, and Emiſſaries riſe,
At every Period break the Thread of Life,

Fevers,

Fevers, Contagions, Apoplexies rage,
And War with mortal Man perpetual wage;
Such Shafts of Fate around continual fly,
The Wonder's greater to ſurvive, than die.
Then ſince, unwarn'd, the Soul's oft ſnatch'd away
Without the Time to think, or Pow'r to pray,
With Caution great, and Circumſpection mild,
Watch o'er the young Ideas of my Child;
Obſerve what Turn her Inclinations take,
And keep the lambent Flame of Grace awake,
In Virtue's Paths train up the tender Maid;
(All gracious Heav'n will your Endeavours aid)
With juſt Contempt of Temp'rals early ſtrike
Her Soul; and as ſhe will (my Parents dear) alike
Your fond Affections, Rank, and Fortune ſhare,
O! guard her op'ning Mind with double Care,
Leſt Life's vain Pomp her artleſs Thoughts betray,
And Folly lead her heedleſs Steps aſtray,
From Self-ſufficiency, Diſdain, and Pride,
(Too oft with Eaſe and Affluence ally'd)

Inſtruct

Inſtruct her to abſtain, and ever ſtrive
T' improve thoſe Graces which will Time ſurvive;
Her Maker ſerve with Reverence profound,
And beam complaiſant Smiles on all around,
Earth's Treaſures barter for true Peace within,
Nor taſte thoſe Joys which terminate in Sin;
Her Neighbour's love, Nature's great God adore,
Befriend the Injur'd, and relieve the Poor,
Each chriſtian Duty conſtantly purſue,
And ever keep Eternity in view.
From Practices like theſe true Comfort ſprings,
Which to the Soul ſweet Satisfaction brings;
Thro' tranſient Time does tranquil Peace impart,
And when Death's Harbingers invade the Heart,
Pure Pleaſures glow, amidſt the painful Strife,
From a calm Conſcience, and a well-ſpent Life.
Theſe my departing Precepts urge and bind
Upon the Fibres of her gentle Mind;
Which when imbib'd, and into Habit plac'd,
I humbly truſt will never be effac'd:

This

This my laſt Duty done, again farewell!"
Methinks ſhe utter'd*, when her Cadence fell;
Then, ſmiling, ſunk to everlaſting Reſt,
And breath'd her Soul out on her Saviour's Breaſt.
O glorious Exit! rapt'rous, happy Flight!
To Manſions of pure permanent Delight,
Where ſpringing Pleaſures and encreaſing Joy
Admit not Intermiſſion nor Alloy,
Which Saints made perfect ſhall unchang'd partake,
When Planets fall, Earth's maſſy Pillars ſhake,
The rolling Orbs are from their Stations hurl'd,
Rapacious Flames involve the Nether World,
The Moon diſſolves in Blood, fix'd Stars retire
In torrid Streams of elemental Fire;

* It is not here meant that thoſe were Mrs. G-dd-y's actual Words at the Inſtant of her Departure: But the many ſimilar Methods which ſhe took, and Arguments ſhe made uſe of, to enforce the Practice of Religion and Chriſtianity in her Relations, Acquaintance, and all who enjoyed the Bleſſing of her Converſation; were they collected, and Copies thereof circulated, there can be no Kind of Doubt that it would make laſting Impreſſions, to the End of Time, on the Mind of every well-diſpoſed Peruſer.

And Heav'n withdraws, more aweful to diſplay
The ſolemn Pomp of this tremendous Day;
Which, when approaching, Nature will affright,
Thereon the Sun ſhall loſe her Beams of Light,
In deepeſt Sables hovering Clouds retreat,
The tow'ring Mountains melt with fervent Heat,
Contending Waves of Blood o'erflow the Land,
The Sea give up her Dead, the Grave expand;
When in the wond'rous Void, auguſt, profound,
Th' Archangel doth the final Trumpet ſound,
The faithful Dead firſt call'd, ſhall firſt ariſe,*
And incorruptible approach the Skies;
Where their immortal Souls again they'll greet,
Rapt'rous their Meeting, their Re-union ſweet,
Bleſt Conſummation ſhall their Joys advance
Beyond the Reach of Accident or Chance;
Whilſt they in ſhining Ranks of Glory wait
The mighty Triumphs of the Judgment Seat,

Which

* St. Matthew, c. xxiv. verſe 31.— "And he ſhall ſend his Angels with a great Sound of a Trumpet, and they ſhall gather together his Elect from the Four Winds, from one End of Heaven to the other."

Which holds, enthron'd in Majeſty divine,
(In whom fierce Terror and mild Mercy ſhine)
The once meek Lamb, whoſe Blood, profuſely ſpilt,
Flow'd a free Sacrifice for Sin and Guilt;
All human Sorrows bore, and Death, to pave
(Thro' the dark Chambers of the gloomy Grave)
A Road to living Streams of perfect Grace,
For the revolting Sons of Adam's Race:
Then God and Man aſcended to the Skies,
Nor drop'd his Charge, but heard from Heav'n our Cries;
To human Errors patient, from Above
He ſent kind Overtures of Peace and Love,
His Meſſengers commiſſion'd Earth around
To fill with free Salvation's joyful Sound,
Without Reſpect of Perſons, far and wide
To tell Mankind, for all a Saviour dy'd;
And all to accept his offer'd Grace invite,
Whoſe Yoke is eaſy, and his Burthen light.
But now his Patience and Forbearance ends;
No more the Arm of Mercy he extends,

So long held out to rebel Man in vain,
Who ſcorn'd his Yoke, embracing Satan's Chain.
Revolving Time her circling Race hath run!
Nature's extinct! Eternity begun!
The Lamb once ſlain, Redeemer, Saviour dear,
A Lion now in Judgment ſhall appear:
In this great Day of his Almighty Ire,
His Vengeance ſhall be as devouring Fire;
Light uncreated glorioufly adorns
Thoſe ſacred Temples, once beſet with Thorns;
The Sword of Juſtice, awful Judgment's Crown
He wears, bright Angels at his Feet bow down,
And Devils ſtand, and tremble at his Frown.
How truly happy thoſe in Chriſt, who then
Stand unappall'd amongſt the Sons of Men,
When Rays of Light'ning from his Eyes ſhall dart
Conviction to th' obdurate Sinner's Heart,
And Apprehenſion in hoarſe Thunders roll
Deſpairing Horrors to the guilty Soul;
Conſcience, grand Umpire of the human Breaſt,
(In all her Robes of raging Vengeance dreſt)

With

With loud-tongued Clamours ſhall for Sin arraign,
And as ten thouſand Witneſſes remain; *
Black Crime on Crime call up, in dire Array,
Which dreadful Threat'nings to the Mind convey,
While ſcorching Flames of fell Deſpair confound,
Lit from the Torch of blazing Worlds around;
A yawning Hell beneath ſtriving to ſhun,
He'll to the lofty Rocks and Mountains run:
" Fall on! O hide! ſecure me from the Rod
" Of gnawing Conſcience and an incens'd God!
" Inflicting Torments for paſt ſlighted Grace:
" To 'ſcape his Fury, and avoid his Face,
" Let me beneath your weighty Cruſh remain,
" Or ſhrink, unnotic'd, in the Earth again."
Vain the Petition! impotent their Aid!
The trembling Culprit, naked and diſmay'd,
Muſt ſtand the Teſt, when Mountain, Hill, and Rock
Conſuming, vaniſh like aſcending Smoke;
Then

† " And a Man's own Conſcience ſhall be as ten thouſand Witneſſes."

Then round and round in wild Amaze he turns,
Too late relents, too late his Folly mourns
Thoſe Breaches made in Heav'n's moſt righteous
Laws,
Without an Advocate to plead his Cauſe
In this great Court, wherein no Bribe can clear,
No Witneſs falſe, no partial Jury's here,
Nor perjur'd Atteſtation is believ'd
By Him, who cannot err, nor be deceiv'd:
No darling Sin ſo deeply hid does lye,
To 'ſcape the Queſtion of his ſearching Eye,
Which pierces thro' the darkeſt Shades of Night,
And brings each ſecret impious Work to light;
Hypocriſy detected, ev'ry Thought
Shall be expos'd, and into Judgment brought,
Before both Men and Angels ſtand reveal'd,
However ſpeciouſly in Time conceal'd;
Where Envy ſtings, or Treachery beguiles
Beneath the Surface of deceiving Smiles,
And whilſt the tutor'd Tongue ſoft Sounds impart,
Ruin in Ambuſh animates the Heart:

T'elude

T' elude whoſe Snares (tho' as the Serpent wiſe)
Men fail, when clad in Virtue's ſacred Guiſe,
Which is a Maſque too oft aſſum'd to hide
Theſe ſelfiſh Paſſions which the Soul divide,
Whilſt darling Int'reſt ev'ry Deed inſpires,
And the Heart burns with covetous Deſires:
(Wealth by the miſcreant Mind be'ng underſtood
To fill the Void of ev'ry genuine Good)
Sometimes thoſe Batteries are play'd, unſeen,
Behind a ſeeming open honeſt Mien,
Or in the Veil of pure Religion dreſs'd;
Vice keeps her Court in the Profeſſor's Breaſt,
Where Subtlety the Garb of Wiſdom wears,
And Avarice the Stamp of Prudence bears;
Thence aided, with Facility convey
Words to delude, and Geſtures to betray.
Yet ſuch, too oft the Error of Mankind,
To Riches ſuppliant, and to Merit blind,
That, tho' drawn by delicious Gain's fond Dreams,
The greedy Wretch a Thouſand various Schemes,

To circumvent a Brother, ſhou'd deviſe,
(If golden Profits does from thence ariſe)
Whilſt the poor unſuſpecting Victim bleeds,
Succeſſes ſanctify th' Oppreſſor's Deeds;
Proſperity's Advance bids Cenſure flee,
Commands th' applauding Voice, the ready Knee,
And on e'en cruel Acts this Title draws,
" Self-Preſervation," firſt of Nature's Laws.
In Temp'rals Right and Wrong by Turns prevail,
As outward Circumſtances guide the Scale;
Man's Judgment works by ſuperficial View,
What Indigence alledges may be true,
Wealth does a Sanction claim to be believ'd;
Thus Men poſt on, deceiving and deceiv'd,
'Till other Worlds ſhall on their Eye-lids beam
Th' important Errors of Life's idle Dream,
And to aſtoniſh'd Mortal's View diſplay
The Wonders of the Reſurrection Day;
Sever'd from Falſhood, radiant Truth ſhall here,
As the meridian ſpotleſs Sun appear,

Where

Where injur'd Innocence, ſerenely bright,
With Boldneſs ſtands, nor fears th' Oppreſſor's Sight,*
Whoſe proſp'rous Bark did once triumphant ride,
With Streamers ſpread, on Time's auſpicious Tide,
Now ſhip-wreck'd, deſtitute, forlorn, and poor,
Caſt friendleſs on the everlaſting Shore;
Captivity and Loſs keen Pangs impart,
To pierce his Soul, and harrow up his Heart,
Whilſt he beholds reſplendent Wreaths entwine
Thoſe Brows ("whoſe Righteouſneſs as Noon-day ſhine")
Late patient bearing Perſecution's Rod,
Now anchor'd ſafe near their approving God.
How gladly wou'd the rich Man change his State,
With the once abject Beggar at his Gate, †

* "Then ſhall the Righteous ſtand with great Boldneſs in the Sight of him that oppreſſed him."

† "St. Luke, c. xvi. verſe 19, 20, and 21.—"There was a certain rich Man, who was clothed in Purple and fine Linen, and fared ſumptuouſly every Day. And there was a certain Beggar, named Lazarus, who was laid at his Gate full of Sores: And deſiring to be fed with the Crumbs which fell from the rich Man's Table; moreover, the Dogs came and licked his Sores, &c."

Who long unheeded cry'd, unpity'd lay,
Whilſt he fared ſumptuouſly each paſſing Day;
Raiment ſuperb his Body did adorn,
Splendidly varying ev'ry riſing Morn;
At large he rang'd thro' Pleaſure's wide Domain
And tranſient Honours glitter'd in his Train;
Surrounding Slaves attended, at his Nod,
To miniſter to this terreſtrial God,
Within whoſe Boſom Pity ſought a Seat,
But there cou'd find no Manſion or Retreat;
Benevolence with Virtue next addreſs'd,
But was forbid an Entrance to his Breaſt;
Againſt their Reign his haughty Soul rebell'd,
And thence the mild Triumvirate expell'd;
Deaf to Diſtreſs, with Arrogance and Pride
He all Relief to Nature's Wants deny'd;
When Cruelty did his hard Heart impel,
T' refuſe the Crumbs that from his Table fell,
Which the poor ſtarving Suff'rer wiſh'd t' obtain,
And humbly ſu'd for, but he ſu'd in vain,

Yet

Yet patient bore (when Dogs came round his Sores)
His humble Lot, nor grudg'd the Glutton's Stores:
Now bleſt Reverſe! what cluſt'ring Joys combine,
Permanent, perfect, tranquil, pure, divine,
To glad the Soul of each accepted Gueſt,
Each meet Partaker of the heav'nly Feaſt;
Which Time's imperious Tyrants ſhall ſurvey
With Horror in the Retribution Day,
And antedate, by Flames of Terror ſtung,
Water deny'd to cool the parching Tongue,
With this Reply, "when thy rich Streams did flow,*
"To other's Woes thou didſt not Pity ſhow,
"Therefore 'tis thine in Torment to remain,
"And his to reap th' Reward of all his Pain."
Thence wiſh t' avoid the Judge, whoſe Eye doth ſcan
Whate'er was Mortal, and whate'er was Man;
The Quick and Dead thro' Earth, from End to End,
Who gather'd by his Angels, here attend;

* St. Luke, c. xvi. verſe 25.— "But Abraham ſaid, Son, remember that thou in thy Life-Time receiveddſt thy good Things, and Lazarus evil Things: But now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Whatever was their Function, Title, Name,
To endleſs Glory, or to endleſs Shame;
The Great, the Small, the Coward, and the Brave,
The ſcepter'd Sultan, and the fetter'd Slave,
Diſtinction paſt, will here unmindful ſtand,
Which exercis'd Obedience, which Command;
In what did either glory or complain,
When this forgoes his Crown, that quits his Chain?
Contending Nations cited to the Bar,
In all the horrid Rage of cruel War,
No more the Implements of Slaughter wield,
Nor ſeek the tranſient Honours of the Field;
Falſe, for true Fame, no longer's underſtood,
Quench'd is the raging Thirſt for hoſtile Blood:
A gen'ral Change all Nature doth ſuſtain,
No Pleaſure ſprings but from mild Mercy's Reign,
True Peace reſides with Purity alone,
And perfect Happineſs is Virtue's own;
Purſuit of Earthly Pleaſures, Love of Eaſe,
Riotous Nights, and vain luxurious Days,

Pow'r

Pow'r miſapply'd, and precious Hours miſpent,
If Thought recalls, 'tis only to torment.
When Adam's Iſſue here divided ſtand,*
Ready for Sentence, rang'd on either Hand
The righteous Judge, he'll firſt unto the Right
Incline, infuſing unconceiv'd Delight,
"Faithful and Good, no more ſhall Ills annoy
"You, freely enter to your Maſter's Joy."†
Here the glad Feelings of the meaneſt Saint
Exceed what Thought can gueſs, or Language paint,
All Efforts to illuſtrate them muſt fail,
And raptur'd Wonder draws a glorious Veil.
Then to the Left he'll in juſt Anger turn,
Who on their Sin-pierc'd God will look and mourn,
When

* St. Matthew, c. xxv. verſes 32 and 33.—"And before him ſhall be gathered together all Nations; and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as a Shepherd divideth his Sheep from the Goats: And he ſhall ſet the Sheep on his Right-hand, but the Goats on the Left."

† St. Matthew, c. xxv. verſe 21.—"Well done thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord."

When they behold, in the deciſive Hour,
How bright his Glory, and how great his Pow'r;
No Balſam's near to eaſe the raging Smart,
Inflicted by the dreadful Sound, *depart!*
I know thee not, conſign'd to Depths of Hell,
In Chains of Darkneſs, never-ending, dwell! §
Then tho' they rail againſt the Heav'ns, the Earth,
Abhor their Being, curſe their Hour of Birth;
Yet from each Heart ſhall this Confeſſion ſpring,
"Juſt are thy Judgments, O tranſcendent King!"
This Proceſs done, ſep'rate the Crowd retire ‖
To Courts of Bliſs, and Lakes of endleſs Fire;
More brilliant Suns ſhall light the new-ſpread Skies,
New Heav'n's appear, and a new Earth ariſe. †
What Token ſhall precede, what Sign declare,
This awful, this momentous Period near?

By

§ St. Matthew, c. xxv. verſe 41.—"Then ſhall he ſay unto them on the Left-hand, depart from me, ye Curſed, into everlaſting Fire, &c."

‖ St. Matthew, c. xxv. verſe 46.—"And theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting Puniſhment, but the Righteous into Life eternal."

† Revelations, c. xxi. verſe 1.—"And I ſaw a new Heaven and a new Earth, &c."

By what Device its dread Approach be learn'd,
In which all Nature is ſo much concern'd?
That Day (yet hid from the co-equal Son)†
We're told by thoſe Events will be forerun:
State Diff'rences ſhall give great Sorrows Birth,
And dire Convulſions rend the ſpacious Earth;
Nation 'gainſt Nation riſe, fell War's Alarms
To Battle rouſe, and clothe the World in Arms; ‖
Contentions ſtrike the Calls of Nature mute,
Houſeholds divide, & Friends with Friends diſpute;
Peace routed fly, the raging Sword deface
Widow and Orphan 'mongſt the human Race;
Yet whilſt each Day encreaſing Mis'ries ſhow,
Big with new Terrors, and freſh Scenes of Woe,
Earthquakes and Famine, Peſtilence and Storm,§
Sent to awaken, ſhall in vain perform

Their

† St. Mark, c. xiii. verſe 32.—"But of that Day and that Hour knoweth no Man; no, not the Angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."

‖ St. Mark, c. xiii. verſe 8.—"For Nation ſhall riſe againſt Nation, and Kingdom againſt Kingdom:

§ "And there ſhall be Earthquakes in divers Places, and there ſhall be Famines and Troubles."

Their Offices with thoſe who Conſcience lull,
And Sin ſecure 'till Guilt's wide Meaſure's full.
Something ſure like this Prelude is begun,
Brother with Brother ſtrives, the Sire with Son;*
Deſtructions threat, and (by divine Command)
Invade each Corner of this guilty Land;
Home Factions gen'ral Harmony o'erwhelm,
Inteſtine Broils depopulate the Realm;
Full in our Sight our daring Foes infeſt,
Driving Repoſe from the affrighted Breaſt;
The Hero's Proweſs every-where ſurrounds,
Who deals in Slaughter, Maſſacre, and Wounds,
Thro' Lanes of Death, Ambitions Palm t' explore,
He wades Knee-deep in Streams of human Gore;
All mutual Truſt and Confidence are fled,
Vindictive Banners o'er the Earth are ſpread;
E'en kindred Countries, in ſmall Points withſtood,
Drain with Impunity each other's Blood:

Without

* St. Mark, c. xiii. verſe 12.—"Now the Brother ſhall betray the Brother to Death, and the Father the Son, &c."

Without Remorſe (too oft') keen Arrows ſend
Into the Boſom of ſome once-lov'd Friend;
Subduing Nature's Plea, the raſhly Brave
Puts out that Life the ſelf-ſame Mother gave;
Thus turning on themſelves, their Arms employ
Where each ſhou'd aid, to ruin and deſtroy;
Exhauſting Strength and Wealth, that Force forego
Both ſhou'd retain to ſcourge the mutual Foe,
Who works by treacherous Means t' obtain their Ends,
Deceive, and then deſtroy their new-leagued Friends;
To conquer Albion, lord it o'er the Waves,
Then drop the Maſk, and ſtamp them Gallia's Slaves.
E'en now, with haughty Port and naval Pride,*
Numerous, and dauntleſs, they triumphant ride,
Still hovering round our Coaſts, their deep Deſign
The moſt Diſcerning's puzzled to divine:

* This Part of the Poem was written in 1779, about the Time when the combined Fleets appeared off Falmouth, which gave ſo much Terror to the Inhabitants of that and the adjacent Places.

But the loud Cannon on the ſmoaking Main
Will ſoon, 'tis thought, their Embaſſy explain,
Bloodſhed with Horror mark the flying Ball,
And the poor Remnant wretched Captives fall!
Shou'd they o'ercome, (how dreadfull 'tis to think
On the dire Precipice of Ruin's Brink!)
Our Homes they'll then enjoy, our Labour's Fruit,
And pluck up pure Religion by its Root;
Spread Devaſtation, pull Diſtinctions down,
And ravage from the Cottage to the Crown.
This Criſis nearly view'd muſt ſure impart
A Spark of Terror to the ſtouteſt Heart;
Whence, to preſerve that Freedom Nature gave,
Old Age turns active, and the Coward brave;
Reſiſtance animates, our Country's Need
Calls to the Field, where countleſs Numbers bleed,
Whoſe Offspring deſtitute, (to Sorrows born,)
A thankleſs People may behold with Scorn,
Nor one ſoft Look in gentle Pity ſpare
To ſooth their Griefs, to mitigate their Care;

No Help afford, nor kind Aſſiſtance lend,
Diſtreſs being loneſome, and can claim no Friend;
Howe'er procur'd, baſe is an abject State,
'Tis criminal to be unfortunate:
Unleſs with thoſe to whom is largely given
Good-will to Man, and Prevalence with Heaven,
Whoſe Interceſſions do its Wrath aſſwage,
And keep up Vengeance from this erring Age; †
While threat'ning Dangers every-where ſurround,
Yet ſhameful Vice and Infamy abound;
Not truſting in the Strength of Sword nor Spear
Turn humbly to the Lord in fervent Prayer;
For Aid upon the God of Battles call,
Without whom e'en a Sparrow ſhall not fall. ‖
Whilſt Others join to ſtigmatize the Times,
Thoſe ſtrive to ſtem the Torrent of its Crimes,

† Exodus, c. xx. verſe 6.—"And ſhewing Mercy unto Thouſands in them that love me, and keep my Commandments."

St. Matthew, c. x. verſe 29.—"Are not two Sparrows ſold for a Farthing? And one of them ſhall not fall to the Ground without your Father."

Which clad in various Shapes, bare-fac'd appear,
To wound the Eye, and ſhock the virtuous Ear;
Bold Blaſphemy, Pride, Luxury, debaſe,
And taint the Morals of the human Race;
Alike Old Age, Manhood, and blooming Youth,
With horrid Imprecations bind the Truth;
As if plain Words the Hearers wou'd deceive,
And without Oaths Mankind cou'd not believe.
Down in foul Currents this Contagion runs
From impious Fathers to their infant Sons,
Too many hapleſs Babes (this Age doth ſhow)
Who can blaſpheme e'er ſay the Cris-Croſs Row,
Whilſt thoughtleſs Parents, of ſuch Promptneſs vain,
Well-pleas'd the liſp'd Impiety explain,
Applaud the prattling Wit, and (ſmiling) ſay
"He knows no Ill, and is too young to pray."
What purblind Folly can with this compare?
Too young to pray, yet old enough to ſwear;
In thoſe miſtaken Thoughts what Danger lies,
From early Negligence what Miſchiefs riſe!

Familiar

Familiar Vice doth powerful Ills impart,
Which clouds each Seed of Virtue in the Heart,
Whilſt growing Time but more confirms the Tongue
With Lying varniſh'd, and with Curſes hung.
Who ſins uncheck'd, e'er ſenſible of Crimes,
Weaves a large Web of Woe for After-Times;
Ill Habits cheriſh'd in Life's tender Spring
At Puberty's Advance more nearly cling;
And Nonage thus, in Chriſtian Ign'rance run,
To Manhood ſtarts, corrupted and undone:
Then Fear and Shame ſubdu'd, Remorſe withſtood,
At Paſſion's Call he'd drink a Brother's Blood,
And, when fierce Anger does the Mind inflame,
Curſe e'en thoſe Parents whence his Being came,
Who now, too late, (in mutual Conſort) mourn
Their ill-tim'd Fondneſs, and its baſe Return;
Look back with Horror on the fatal Morn
And heavy Hour when ſuch a Wretch was born;
Their woe-fill'd Souls do every Comfort wave,
Whilſt Sorrow draws them to the ſilent Grave.

Children

Children are ſure by Heav'n in Mercy meant
To fill the human Breaſt with ſweet Content,
Heighten the Joys of Life, its Cares aſſwage,
Lighten its pond'rous Load, and comfort Age,
Being pronounc'd in the divine Record *
An Heritage preſented from the Lord;
A precious Treaſure ſent from Sion down
To crown with Honour, Peace, and fair Renown:
When early nurtur'd in the Way of Truth,
And Piety's impreſt in budding Youth; §
From well-tun'd Lips what grateful Incenſe ſpring
To hail the Ears of Sion's gracious King,
Whoſe ready Anſwer, from his Azure Height,
Glides to the Soul in Rays of heav'nly Light,
Where ripening Graces with new Fragrance bloom,
Expanding wide, and ſhed a rich Perfume.

Delightful

* Pſalm cxvii. verſe 4. 6.— "Lo, Children and the Fruit of the Womb are an Heritage and Gift that cometh of the Lord; happy is the Man that hath his Quiver full of them," &c.

§ "Train up a Child in the Way that he ſhall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Delightful Taſk t' ingraft Religion's Root,
And " teach the young Ideas how to ſhoot ;"
By timely Admonitions to prepare
The Mind for Heaven, with peculiar Care!
That no Capacity may claim Excuſe,
For this neglected, to the Soul's Abuſe,
Suited thereto we various Morals find,
Form'd to enlarge and animate the Mind ;
Genuine Inſtructions, from th'unerring Pen
Of prudent, wiſe, and truly pious Men,
To quicken Conſcience, Vice's Reign repell,
Check the wild Paſſions when they wou'd rebel ;
Reſtrain the Sallies of unguarded Youth,
Inſtill mild Pity, Charity, and Truth ;
Correct the Will, and happily inveſt
Enlighten'd Reaſon in the opening Breaſt ;
Thro' eaſy Precepts lead, betimes inſpire
With Grace, and Virtue's noble Ardour fire,
Where dwells Amuſement with Perſuaſion join'd,
They gently ſteal upon the tender Mind,

Excite

Excite to Good, ſenſual Enticements lull,
Nor cramp the Genius, nor the Spirits dull,
But oft' enforc'd, procure the Heart to prove
Below a Type of Seraphs' Bliſs above,
And form the Infant on the ſureſt Plan
To grow in Favour both with God and Man.
When thus we make our Children's Souls our Care,
And fix the Rudiments of Learning there,
By Precept and Example both combine
T' inſtruct, we're aided by the Hand divine;
No Pain attends the laudable Employ,
But tranquil Pleaſure and a temp'rate Joy,
Which greater Treaſures to the Heart unfold
Than Banks of Silver, or the pureſt Gold; *
And more reſplendent, laſting Honour brings
Than India's Wealth, or Crowns of earthly Kings.
Surely thoſe are ſuperlatively bleſt
Who leave their Children Virtue's mild Bequeſt,

(Their

* St. Luke, c. ix. verſe 25.—"For what is a Man advantaged if he gain the whole World, and loſe himſelf, or be caſt away?

(Their Names ſhall be rever'd from Age to Age,
And bloſſom down to Time's remoteſt Stage.)
Thus aiding pure Religion to revive,
And thro' ſucceeding Generations thrive, †
Which may, by Faith and Piety ſincere,
Avert the Judgments we now feel or fear,
The gracious Ear of righteous Heav'n diſpoſe
To heal our Sins, and ſave us from our Foes;
Their Force united cauſe us to withſtand,
And ſhield by ſov'reign Pow'r this favour'd Land
From cruel Bondage, Tyranny, and Rome,
And, *'till prepar'd*, defer our Day of Doom;
Bid Harmony and Peace again to ſpring,
Unite the People, and reward our King,
Whoſe gracious Meaning ev'ry Action ſhows,
The gen'ral Good, and true Religion's Cauſe,
Which freely, under his auſpicious Smile,
Reigns unmoleſted in the Britiſh Iſle,

† Pſalm ciii. verſe 17.— "But the merciful Goodneſs of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him: and his Righteouſneſs upon Children's Children."

Invites each Heart to join the Chriſtian Band,
In mild Obedience to high Heav'n's Command:
Nor need e'en Pride the humble Work diſown,
Whilſt the bright Pattern ſparkles from the Throne,
Whence ev'ry Day unfeign'd Petitions riſe
To that great Pow'r who rules the lucid Skies,
And does in Mercy guilty Thouſands ſpare
Thro' the warm Virtues of the Royal Pair.
Their Iſſue, taught Humility and Grace,
Bids fair to dignify the human Race,
And to our View a long Succeſſion brings
T' ſupply this Monarchy with Chriſtian Kings,
Whoſe Boſoms glow with Sentiments refin'd,
Such as informs great George's royal Mind;
Where Piety hath fix'd her placid Seat,
Being truly Good, and *therefore* truly Great:
His ſympathetic Breaſt our Woes does feel,
Thence (ever anxious for his Subjects' Weal)
Deſiring Peace, with Honour, to return,
And glad thoſe Hearts which now in Sorrow mourn,

He wou'd the bloody Controverſy end,
Nor longer with America contend,
(To ſuch unnat'ral War a Truce afford,
And to a Plough-ſhear turn the reeking Sword)
If this much-wiſh'd Event cou'd be obtain'd
Without his Rule being ſcorn'd, or Glory ſtain'd.
Long may that bright untainted Wreath be his,
With the calm Tranſports of domeſtic Bliſs,
Which does with ſoft Delights the Heart dilate
To recompenſe the weighty Cares of State;
And when in Peace, long hence, he yields his Breath,
(Leaning ſubmiſſive to the Stroke of Death)
May his Progreſſive ſtill our Sons command,
They chearfully obey with ready Hand,
Nor know Diſpute, Contention, or Debate,
But who ſhall be moſt faithful to the State;
Nor Albion e'er, to Time's laſt Period down,
A Brunſwick want to wear Britannia's Crown.
By ſuch a bright Example now inſpir'd,
And with a glorious Emulation fir'd,

Wou'd but the People with the Prince combine
To deprecate the Flame of Wrath divine,
Each future Act by Virtue's Dictates ſquare,
And frame our Lives to one inceſſant Pray'r, *
By Uniſon of Heart conjointly prove
That Peace reſulting from fraternal Love,
Then all Diſtruſt, all home-bred Faction's fled,
Commerce again ſhall raiſe her drooping Head;
Diſtreſs and Famine, with their rueful Train,
Be ſtraightway exil'd England's fair Domain;
Whilſt we receive from ſov'reign Mercy's Hand
Such plenteous Streams as flow thro' Goſhen's Land,
New Bleſſings taſte as Days and Years increaſe,
Our Children's Children ſee, and Iſrael's Peace; †
At reſt with Man, and reconcil'd to God,
By gentle Steps deſcend to Death's Abode.
And whether in this Plot, or yonder Iſle
We lye, or reſt beneath ſome diſtant Pile,

It

* Pray without ceaſing.

† Pſalm cxxviii. verſe 7.—"Yea, thou ſhalt ſee thy Children's Children, and Peace upon Iſrael."

It matters not—our Duſt refin'd ſhall riſe,
And unpolluted reach the ſmiling Skies;
Our bliſsfull Friends with holy Raptures meet,
And bathe in living Streams at Jeſus' Feet;
Where mutual Tranſports will our Pow'rs employ
Thro' endleſs Ages of unfading Joy.

AN

E L O G Y

ON THE LATE

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years CURATE of *Truro*.

WALKER! what Virtue e'er ſhone bright
as thine?
Precept on Precept, thou, and Line on Line,
Didſt urge with Fervour, the pure Word apply'd,
Taught'ſt Jeſus only, Jeſus crucify'd!
No Time, nor Pains in lab'ring didſt thou ſpare,
Thy Soul and Flock thou mad'ſt thine only Care.
Faith's foremoſt Champion! who its Battles fought,
Nor Man's Applauſe, but Heav'n's Acceptance
ſought.

Here,

A N

E L O G Y

ON THE LATE

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years CURATE of *Truro*.

WALKER! what Virtue e'er ſhone bright as thine?
Precept on Precept, thou, and Line on Line,
Didſt urge with Fervour, the pure Word apply'd,
Taught'ſt Jeſus only, Jeſus crucify'd!
No Time, nor Pains in lab'ring didſt thou ſpare,
Thy Soul and Flock thou mad'ſt thine only Care:
Faith's foremoſt Champion! who its Battles fought;
Not Man's Applauſe, but Heav'n's Acceptance ſought.

Heroic

Heroic Chriſtian! to each Soul ſincere,
Kind to Diſtreſs, but unto Sin ſevere,
Whereto, unaw'd, thou wou'dſt Conviction bring,
Tho' center'd in the Boſom of a King.
Were Earth's firſt Potentate to lay thee down
His ruling Sceptre and reſplendant Crown,
Thy ſteady Virtue wou'd abhor the Thought,
To gloſs his Crimes, or ſooth him in a Fault;
Proof 'gainſt Temptation all thy Powers did riſe,
To pleaſe th' all-glorious Former of the Skies;
The Peace of him alone (not Joys of Senſe)
Thou ſought'ſt, nor Martyrdom cou'd tear thee thence;
Unmovable in Faith ſtill firmly ſtood,
Waſh'd in pure Streams of the Redeemer's Blood;
Didſt Perſecution's Iron Rod beguile,
And baffle Rancour with an holy Smile,
Which crown'd thy manly Form, whilſt with ſoft Grace
Religion broke round thy benignant Face.

Tutor'd

Tutor'd from Heav'n, to God and Nature true,
Thy Lectures held Man's Mirror up to View;
From thoſe Diſcourſes flew the pointed Dart
Which reach'd the inmoſt Corners of the Heart,
So fram'd, ſo model'd, to the human Plan,
Each Hearer, in himſelf, diſcern'd the Man:
Portray'd, the Unrenew'd beheld his Faults,
And wonder'd how thou could'ſt deſcribe his Thoughts,
Whilſt with unwearied Vigilance and Pain
Thou ſtrov'dſt to free him from Sin's galling Chain.
When on that long-paſt memorable Day*
Thou bad'ſt the conſcious Mind herſelf ſurvey;
Thine Arguments did with ſuch Luſtre ſhine,
(Subſtantial, inconteſtible, divine,)
That Conſcience rous'd, alike in old and young,
Echo'd thoſe Strains on which Conviction hung;

O And

* The Day of Humiliation on Account of the great Earthquake at Liſbon, whereon Mr. Walker very pathetically diſcours'd on thoſe Words: —"Turn ye! turn ye! For why will you die, O Houſe of Iſrael?"

And Souls recoil'd beneath th' alarming Sound,
As if another Earthquake ſhook the Ground:
Whilſt from the Pulpit thou, with heaving Sighs,
Inviting Attitude, and ſtreaming Eyes,
Cry'dſt, "hark, my People, to the Voice of God!
Behold his Judgments in the Earth abroad;
Repent ye now your Sins, in Sackcloth mourn,
O turn ye, turn ye, Houſe of Iſrael turn!
Or let me by a Term more dear apply,
People of Truro turn! why will you die?
For your Salvation what wou'd not be giv'n,
Or ſuffer'd? ſhort of Baniſhment from Heav'n,
By me, that one Reſerve alone I'd make,
And to effect it ſet my Life at ſtake:
Let not the World and Senſe your Minds enthrall,
For your Soul's Sake hear your Redeemer's Call
Thro' me, who'll labour to my lateſt Breath
To warn my People from eternal Death."
Thoſe pow'rful Accents, perſevering Saint,
Deſcription meerly human cannot paint,

Nor

Nor repreſent that holy glowing Flame,
Which animated all thy vital Frame,
When Heav'n (for righteous Ends) did thee impel,
In perfect Health, to take a long Farewell
Of thoſe whoſe Souls thou'dſt prun'd with pious Care,
And for them lifted up the fervent Pray'r.
How ſtrenuous on that prophetic Morn ‖
Didſt thou entreat, exhort, convict, and warn?
What heav'nly Paſſions did thy Boſom move?
How great thy Labour, and how ſtrong thy Love?
In Sounds, which Seraphs might applauding hear,
Thou pour'dſt Conviction in the Sinner's Ear;

‖ The Day preceding that in which Mr. Walker was taken with that fatal Illneſs which terminated in Death, he preached a moſt aweful and awakening Sermon, wherein (tho' then in perfect Health) this inſpir'd Divine addreſſed his People as if he was on his Death-Bed, recounted many Particulars of his paſt Life, and dwelt very ſtrongly on that Part of it wherein he had officiated (under God) as the Shepherd of their Souls. This valuable Diſcourſe, amongſt others of Mr. Walker's, is now extant, and contains many Expreſſions of which a faint Deſcription is here attempted, the Imperfections whereof, it is hoped, will be excuſed by the candid Public, as the Editor was very young when theſe Sermons were preached and writes only from bare Memory, having never read nor heard them ſince the Demiſe of that faithful Servant of Chriſt, which is now about 20 Years.

From Heav'n's bright Quiver drew thy chosen Dart,
And pierc'd with keen Remorse th' obdurate Heart,
Which throb'd with poignant Terror at the Stroke,
And almost wou'd embrace the christian Yoke,
But Pleasure pleads, he'd fain the Conflict fly,
Yet sunk beneath thy penetrating Eye,
Which Sin did to its inmost Den pursue,
And brought forth Death and Judgment unto view.
Methinks those Words still vibrate on my Ear,
"If I'm acquitted, where will you appear?
In the last Day, when the just Judge demands
Your precious Souls out of your Shepherd's Hands,
The Question thus, thus must the Answer run,
What hast thou? Lord, thou know'st what I have done.
My Friends, repent, reform without Delay,
This is the Time! 'tis your Salvation Day!
Embrace it now! lest you in Sorrow mourn
This gracious Season, which will ne'er return;

Perhaps

Perhaps no more we here may meet again,
You to attend and my weak Tongue explain,
E'er the next Sabbath's morning Sun ſhall riſe,
You, you, or I, in Death may cloſe our Eyes;
If I'm the Man, if my frail Glaſs be run,
I now ſubmit, thy Will, O Lord, be done.
In thee ſecure, whenever thou doſt Call,
Paſſive, at thy Command, I yield my Soul:
But ſnatch my People from Deſtruction's Brink!
Forgive their Follies, at their Ign'rance wink;
Defend from Ruin by thy mighty Pow'r
Their Souls, and guide them to the Heav'nly Shore.
Brethren, farewell! (if thus the Fiat ſtands,)
Here from your Blood I clear my guiltleſs Hands;
Yet be entreated your ownſelves to ſave,
O! hear my Cries juſt ſinking to the Grave,
In Life's full Tide beware the Rocks and Shoals,
Maſſacre not your never-dying Souls;
Recall to Mind th' Entreaties, Prayers, and Tears,
With which I've ſtrove thro' a long Train of Years

T'

T' perſuade the Senſualiſt t' his Sins forſake,
And rouſe the ſtupid Sluggard to awake;
In watchful Care endur'd unto the End,
And with yourſelves did for yourſelves contend.
If you've forgot, th' omniſcient Pow'r on high
Hath mark'd them all, and you'll be judg'd thereby
In that great Hour, when I muſt Witneſs bear
Againſt thoſe Souls whom now I love ſo dear,
Wou'd wiſh to ſhield from everlaſting Harms,
And fly to Canaan with you in my Arms."
Thus (with an Angel's Eloquence and Force)
Ran this patheric Paſtor's laſt Diſcourſe
Unto that Flock, for whoſe eternal Health
He'd ſacrific'd Advancement, Eaſe, and Wealth,
And who (as Need requir'd) did freely ſhare
His Purſe, his Aid, his Council, and his Care;
His Breaſt glow'd with no ſecondary Fires,
No carnal Views, nor covetous Deſires,
But for th' exceeding great unſeen Reward
Still labour'd in the Vineyard of his Lord;

Daily

Daily he did the holy Toil renew,
And conſtantly his Maſter's Work purſue;
Planted and water'd with the Hand of Love,
Yet humbly begg'd the Increaſe from above;
Year after Year to intercede the Sound,
"Quick cut it down, why cumb'reth it the Ground?"
This, of his People's Souls the Boſom Friend,
Still cry'd, "Great God! again thy Wrath ſuſpend,
Lay not the Axe too haſty to the Root,
And in due Seaſon it may bring forth Fruit;
Add one more to the Number of its Years,*
Thy Servant will refreſh it with his Tears,
And whilſt theſe do as copious Rivers flow,
Dig round and dreſs it with thy Goſpel Law."
Thus was this Chriſtian's Heart alone inclin'd,
To proſelyte to Heav'n, and ſave Mankind:
Life's Pleaſures he declin'd, its Pomp forſook,
To fill th' important Office which he took;

A

* "Lord, let it alone this Year alſo, &c."---A Text Mr. Walker frequently made Uſe of on the firſt Day of the new Year.

A Guardian faithful, exemplary juſt
Unto thoſe Souls committed to his Truſt;
Unaw'd by Titles, Pow'r, Eſtate, or Birth,
He chid the mighty Rebel Sons of Earth;
" Ye potent Worms! whoſe Corn & Wine's Increaſe
Immerge your Souls in a fallacious Peace,
Whereto you ſay, Perplex thyſelf no more,
For many Years here's Goods laid up in Store;
Then take thy Range in Life's gay Round untir'd:
Thou Fool! this Night thy Soul ſhall be requir'd;
Death ſhall divide between thy Wealth and thee!
Then whoſe will all thine hoarded Treaſures be?
Rouſe ye to the great Work without Delay,
Compleat your Taſk whilſt it be call'd To-day,
For Night ere long ſhall ſpread her dark Domain,
And all your Efforts then will be in vain.
Iniquity with contrite Hearts deplore,
Break off your Sins by Mercies to the Poor;
Lay up your Treaſure where's Reward for Toil,
Where Thieves can't plunder, nor Corruption ſpoil."

Thus

Thus (as there's no Repentance in the Tomb)
Avert Heav'n's Vengeance and the Wrath to come.
You that in Wiſdom, Youth, or Strength confide,
And ſet your own Mortality aſide,
'Till a long Seaſon hence, which now appears
Plac'd in the Rear of many circling Years,
Thinking to you (amongſt the Sons of Men)
The Number aſcertain'd, *Three Score and Ten*;
Wherein you may all Sciences explore,
Or for your future Heirs heap Store on Store,
Partake Life's Pleaſures at the Fountain Head,
And leave Repentance to a dying Bed.
Deluded Mortal! Soul ſecure ariſe!
And unto yonder Plot direct your Eyes;
There croud the Graves of thoſe whom late you knew
To be as wiſe, as young, as ſtrong as you,
Theſe quickly ſummon'd to their final Home,
Aloud proclaim your Kindred to the Tomb.
Ye poor young Creatures, thoughtleſs, vain, & gay,
Who widely in the Paths of Error ſtray,

To thoſe important Truths awhile attend,
On which your everlaſting States depend;
In Prime of Youth my much-lov'd Children hear
The earneſt Pleadings of a Soul ſincere,
Which for the Follies of your blooming Years
Diſſolves in Pity, and o'erflows with Tears:
In filial Rev'rence, Pray'r, and grateful Praiſe,
Serve your Creator in your early Days,
Then Death for you no poignant Sting ſhall find,
Nor youthful Crime lye heavy on the Mind.
Soon will the Years draw nigh and Days come on
When you ſhall ſay Life's tranſient Joys are gone.
Ye tender Plants, regard my earneſt Prayer,
Conſider what Heav'n's Oracles declare!
"Young Man rejoice, and let thy Heart thee chear,
In Youth's gay Hours bend not to Thought nor Fear:
Yet for theſe Things know thine Almighty King
Will thee arraign and into Judgment bring."
Ye Worldly Wiſe! who proſtitute your Breath
T'obtain thoſe Honours incident to Death,

Tho' you with Tongues of Men and Angels ſpeak,
Tho' Elders liſten when you Silence break,
Your Eloquence capacious Volumes ſwell,
Myſt'ries unravel and Events foretell,
Yet, void of heav'nly Wiſdom, thoſe ſhall paſs
As tinkling Cymbals, or as ſounding Braſs.
Be wiſe indeed, nor build with Pains your Fame,
Where while ſome Men approve, ſome others blame,
And raiſe your Fabrick on a nobler Plan
Than the Opinion of capricious Man.
For ſhould bright Wit and ſterling Senſe unite
The undivided Plaudit to excite,
Know ye, thoſe Parts which worldly Men applaud,
Is Folly in the perfect Sight of God,
Who does the ſelf-ſufficient Mind deſert
And for his Manſion chuſe the humble Heart,
This Reſidence being, in his holy Eyes,
Second to none, and Rival to the Skies;*
Ye Strong and Healthful, Heirs to Beds of Duſt,
Who in your Nerves and Sinews put your Truſt,

* Young's Night-Thoughts.

Learn hence, (that tho' you unimpair'd remain
From inward Anguiſh or exterior Pain)
Th' Almighty Power who out of Chaos brought,
Can in an Inſtant ſink thee into nought.
No longer then Omnipotence withſtand,
Obnoxious Creature of his forming Hand!
Who knows the Number of the Stars of Heav'n,
And calls them by the Names himſelf has giv'n,
He rules the Winds, the ſwelling Floods commands
And holds them in the Hollow of his Hands.
At his Direction rapid Light'nings flies,
And Thunders rumble thro' th' vaulted Skies,
Earthquakes embogue, and Storm or Flame devour,
Sped by the Breath of his vindictive Pow'r.
He actuates too thy Frame, governs thy Breath,
And but a Step hath plac'd 'twixt thee and Death.*
Thus did this Chriſtian Hero wage, thro' Life,
With Sin and Vice an unabating Strife,

The

* "There is but a Step betwixt Thee and Death."——The Text of an aweful Diſcourſe, delivered by Mr. Walker at the Funeral of a young Man, who was drowned bathing on a Sunday.

The ſtrait Aſcent to Heav'n unvarying trod,
And ſtill went forth in the great Pow'r of God
To comfort the Oppreſs'd, th' Intrepid wound,
And ſhed the Waters of Salvation round.
His ſolid Reas'nings, wing'd with holy Zeal,
The Dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins did feel;
He caus'd the Blind to gaze on open Day,
And chas'd the Clouds of Ignorance away.
Lepers he brought to cleanſe in Jeſu's Blood,
And Babes inſtructed in the Law of God.
In Public did the bold Offender call,
And in his Cloſet taught the ſeeking Soul;
All thoſe athirſt for Righteouſneſs he took
To quench their Drought in Jordan's limpid Brook;
The Hungry unto Paſtures fair he led,
Where they their famiſh'd Souls on Manna fed,
Which heav'nly Nurture to the Spirit yields,
And ever ſprings in Canaan's fertile Fields;
Thither, from baneful Dews and pinching Cold,
This faithful Herdſman drew his Sheep to Fold,

Guarded

Guarded with Care, and watch'd them on the Way,
Leſt from the Path their erring Feet ſhou'd ſtray.
Diſtinguiſh'd Flock, with ſuch a Shepherd bleſt,
Sure Guide, ſafe Pilot, to eternal Reſt:
Thrice happy thoſe who made his Rules their Choice,
And chearfully obey'd his well-known Voice,
Who will preſent them undefil'd to Heav'n,
Saying, "here am I, & theſe whom thou haſt giv'n."
The glorious King receives them to his Peace,
And bids his faithful Steward's Joys increaſe;
In ſwelling Tides of Bliſs which know no Bound,
Thro' vaſt Eternity's amazing Round,
Exquiſite, varying, to delight his Soul
Who did the airy Prince's Pow'rs controul,
From their ſtrong Holds his rebel League expel,
Trampled on Sin, and triumph'd over Hell.

FINIS.

Guarded with Care, and watch'd them on the Way;
Left from the Path their erring Feet thou'd stray
Distinguish'd Flock, with such a Shepherd blest,
Sure Guide, safe Pilot, to eternal Rest!
Thrice happy those who made his Rules their Choice,
And chearfully obey'd his well-known Voice,
Who will present them undefil'd to Heav'n,
Saying, "here am I, & those whom thou hast giv'n."
The glorious King receives them to his Peace,
And bids his faithful Steward's Joys increase;
In swelling Tides of Bliss which know no Bound,
Thro' vast Eternity's amazing Round;
Exquisite, varying, to delight his Soul!
Who did the airy Prince's Pow'rs controul,
From their strong Holds his rebel League expel,
Trampled on Sin, and triumph'd over Hell.

LIFE REVIEW'D:

A

POEM;

FOUNDED ON REFLECTIONS UPON THE SILENT INHABITANTS OF THE

CHURCH-YARD of TRURO,

IN THE

COUNTY of CORNWALL.

WITH

AN ELOGY

ON THE LATE

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years Curate of that Borough.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Lord's Prayer, Creed,

AND

TEN COMMANDMENTS,

PARAPHRASED; &c.

By E. SMITH.

The cleareſt View of Life that Mortals have,
Is taken near ſome honourable Grave:
Then let's not fail its eſtimate to make,
Before the final Trumpet ſounds—Awake!

EXETER:
PRINTED, for the AUTHOR, by B. THORN and SON.
MDCCLXXXI.

TO

Mrs. WILLS,

Wife of the Rev. Thomas Wills, late of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.

MADAM,

THE conſtant Practice of Benevolence, Piety, and Humanity, wherein you exercised yourself during your Reſidence in Cornwall; more than thoſe honourable Titles by which your Family is diſtinguiſhed; is the Motive that induces me to dedicate the following Sheets to your Patronage; being aſſured, that the habitual Goodneſs of your Heart, which overflows with univerſal Love to all, will incline you to overlook the conſequent Errors of an inaccurate Pen, and pardon the Liberty of endeavouring to veil its Defects under the Sanction of a Name, which every ſincere Friend to Virtue and Chriſtianity muſt revere.

I flatter myſelf that, tho' the Execution of this ſmall Work comes vaſtly ſhort of doing Juſtice to the Merits of thoſe whoſe Memory is hereby attempted to be perpetuated, the Deſign alone will recommend it to the Approbation of you and the excellent Gentleman, who (next to the Supreme Being) holds the firſt Place in your Affections; and as a competent Judge, how far Truth hath guided this

TO

Mrs. WILLS,

Wife of the Rev. Thomas Wills, late of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.

MADAM,

THE conſtant Practice of Benevolence, Piety, and Humanity, wherein you exerciſed yourſelf during your Reſidence in Cornwall; more than thoſe honourable Titles by which your Family is diſtinguiſhed; is the Motive that induces me to dedicate the following Sheets to your Patronage; being aſſured, that the habitual Goodneſs of your Heart, which overflows with univerſal Love to all, will incline you to overlook the conſequent Errors of an inaccurate Pen, and pardon the Liberty of endeavouring to veil its Defects under the Sanction of a Name, which every ſincere Friend to Virtue and Chriſtanity muſt revere.

I flatter myſelf that, tho' the Execution of this ſmall Work comes vaſtly ſhort of doing Juſtice to the Merits of thoſe whoſe Memory is hereby attempted to be perpetuated, the Deſign alone will recommend it to the Approbation of you and the excellent Gentleman, who (next to the Supreme Being) holds the firſt Place in your Affections; and is a competent Judge, how far Truth hath guided this

this faint Deſcription of their different Characters; particularly that of the truly pious Divine, from whom he, and many other eminent Chriſtians, received their moſt early and ſalutary Inſtructions.

No intereſted Views from opulent Survivors, have herein dictated to the Pen; neither are undeſerved Encomiums laviſhed on the Deceaſed, nor fabulous Virtues laid down as a Pattern for Imitation.

You are yourſelf, Madam, a living Evidence, that uniform Goodneſs is not impracticable:—The unwearied Aſſiduity, and various Methods whereby you endeavoured to promote and encourage Religion and Piety around you, are ſtill recent in the Memory of Hundreds in the Neighbourhood, lately bleſſed with your Reſidence; and the loud Lamentations and Floods of Tears ſhed by the Indigent at your Departure (of which I was a Witneſs,) teſtified, that you Fed the Hungry, Cloathed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame.—Under theſe Conſiderations, I have preſumed to addreſs theſe Poems to you; and if they are found worthy your Acceptance, it will add to the Favours already received from you, and confer the greateſt Honour on,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

humble Servant,

E. SMITH.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, PARAPHRASED.

REGENT of Heav'n! wherein thou art,
Father of all below;
From thee to every filial Heart
What plenteous Pleasures flow!
Let lowly Reverence possess,
And holy Zeal inflame
Our Hearts, when we draw nigh to bless
Thine ever-hallow'd Name:
Which be from henceforth ne'er profan'd,
Nor idly us'd in vain;
But to declare thy Glory great,
Thy mystic Love explain.

Who hears our Prayers, Petitions grants,
Alleviates Nature's Strife;
Our Sorrows feels, knows all our Wants,
And holds our Souls in Life.
With Hell's strong Legions strait contend,
Rescue the Human Race,
To Earth's remotest Corners send
The Kingdom of thy Grace.
The Number of thy Saints compleat,
Recall each Wanderer home,
Satan and Sin subdue, and let
Thy Glory's Kingdom come.
In Earth, as in the Realms on high,
Whilst Days their Courses run,
Let none against thy Will reply,
Thy Pleasure Lord be done.
Whose Thoughts are not like those of Men,
For in thy holy Sight
The Heav'ns appear unclean; sure then,
What e'er thou will'st is right.

Our daily Sustenance provide
This Day, Sin's Pow'r controul;
And let thy Peace within abide,
To nourish every Soul.
Those Crimes which drain'd a Saviour's Blood,
And loud for Vengeance cry,
Forgive, tho' they in Magnitude
With ponderous Mountains vie;
As we towards our Brother move,
Whose Breast with Rage does burn,
Striving to quench his Hate with Love,
And Good for Ill return.
This, of ourselves, we can't atchieve,
But tho' thy Grace from hence
Restrains us, that we never give,
Nor lightly take Offence.
From rife Temptation's powerful Charm
Withhold thy erring Sheep,
From Evil by thy mighty Arm,
Our Souls and Bodies keep.

The Kingdom's thine, above, below,
Thine is the regal Seat,
And more than all e'en Seraphs know
Of potent, high, and great.
We'll greet each Morning with thy Praise,
At Night renew the same;
And everlasting Trophies raise
To thine all glorious Name;
Whilst Heav'ns applauding Saints combine
To mix with Mortals, when
They with united Voices join
The general *Amen*.

A SOLILOQUY; or PARAPHRASE ON THE CREED.

I Am not doom'd to roam forlorn,
Or seek my Rest abroad,
Being an Heir of Glory born*,
Whilst *I believe in God*.

To whom I freely may repair
In each retir'd Distress,
Upon him cast my every Care,
He'll all my Wants redress:

The Father, not of Christ alone
His uncreated Son,
Co-partner of th' eternal Throne
Before all Worlds begun:

But

* The New Birth, or Spiritual Re-generation.

But he to me did Breath convey,
And fabricate my Frame:
Out of wild Chaos brought my Clay,
And made me what I am.
Of Reaſon and each earthly Good,
Thro' him I am poſſeſs'd;
Hunger, in Dread, may leave her Food;
The Suckling at her Breaſt,
Forſake the unnat'ral Mother might;
But God's paternal Thought
Will ne'er forget, nor even night,
The Work his Hands have wrought.
With Confidence his Power I'll truſt
Beyond the gloomy Grave,
Who'll keep my Bones, preſerve my Duſt,
Almighty is to ſave:
Nothing's too hard for the Supreme,
Who gave Creation Birth;
The Pow'rs of Hell bow down to him,
Maker of Heaven and Earth.

None

None help'd (to lay this wond'rous Plan)
The Architect divine;
He form'd the Angels, call'd forth Man,
And caus'd the Sun to shine.
By Day, at Eve bid Luna rise
T' illume from Pole to Pole,
Spread the Circumference of the Skies,
And beautify'd the Whole.
In orient Clouds, of various Hue,
Array'd the Morning's Light,
With glitt'ring Stars on Æther blue,
Diversify'd the Night.
The Earth, Beasts, Fishes, once were nought,
The limpid Stream that flows,
He will'd, and quick as instant Thought,
All into Being 'rose.
Instinct on Creatures of each kind
His Goodness did bestow,
To Man he gave a reasoning Mind,
And made him Lord below;

Placing

Placing this Work, the moſt approv'd,
In Eden's Groves to dwell,
Lower than Angels, but belov'd
By him almoſt as well;
Such Power to Man he did convey,
Such abſolute Command,
That Bears and Wolves, thoſe Beaſts of Prey,
Crouch'd to their Maſter's Hand;
Each bore the Name he on it laid,
All own'd his Sovereign Pow'r,
And Angels conſtant Viſits paid
To Eden's bliſsful Bower.
Thus Man with heavenly Converſe bleſs'd,
(From Fear and Dangers free)
Stood, 'till he pluck'd the fatal Fruit
From the forbidden Tree.
Thence tainted with a Crime ſo foul,
He fell a Pray to Care,
God's Image ſtarted from his Soul,
And left him Naked there.

Yet

Yet mercy even on that Day,
He broke the high Command;
Her healing Banners did diſplay,
And ſwift Redemption plan'd.
Offended Juſtice cou'd ſurvey
No Sacrifice but One,
In Jeſus Chriſt Remiſſion lay,
Who was *his only Son.*
What Pity then did him incline,
Who pour'd (for Sin t'atone)
A ſacred Stream of Blood divine,
And made the Godhead groan.
Th' amazing Sound, 'mongſt Angels high,
Thro' Heav'n's whole Concave ran,
That their eternal Prince wou'd die
T' expunge the Guilt of Man.
Thro' Bondage, Pilgrimage, and Thrall,
(Cloth'd in our Mortal Clay)
To every true believing Soul
Eternal Life convey.

Then can I doubt that perfect Love,
Which laid by Glory's Crown,
Awhile forſook the Courts above,
And brought Salvation down,
To Men his Kindneſs wont abate,
Whilſt we our Off'rings bring
To our prevailing Advocate,
Prophet, High Prieſt, and King;
Who was conceived in the Womb,
(Propitiation meet
For Sin) t' avert our rigid Doom,
And Satan's Snares defeat.
He *by the Holy Ghoſt* was wrought,
Born of the Virgin bright,
Pure *Mary*, free from Stain or Spot,
In Heav'n's approving Sight.
Hence, Glory broke on Human Kind,
Its Nature to refine,
By this myſterious Act conjoin'd,
And blended with Divine;

Form'd

Form'd of the tendereſt Texture ſure,
With Feelings nicely keen,
All Human Woes he came t' endure,
Yet was exempt from Sin:
With Sorrows preſs'd, and free from Fault,
No Guile diſtain'd his Tongue,
His lab'ring Mind and conſtant Thought
On Man's Salvation hung;
He ſuffered, this to bring to paſs,
To be deſpis'd, contemn'd,
And, *under Pontius Pilate*, was
Convicted and condemn'd;
By cruel Men that Blood was ſought,
Which is our Fountain Head,
To Calv'ry's Mount our Lord was brought,
As Beaſts to Slaughter led;
To make his Embaſſage compleat,
There *He was crucified*,
Rough Nails pierc'd thro' his Hands and Feet,
A Spear his tortur'd Side!

Yet then, for thoſe who plann'd his Death,
Earneſt with Heav'n he ſtrove,
His Boſom to his lateſt Breath
O'erflow'd with pardoning Love;
Th' repentant Criminal he chears,
" Sinner this Day with me,
" Diſpell thy Doubts, diſmiſs thy Fears,
" In Glory thou ſhalt be!"
My Soul no other Hope ſhall know,
No other Help my need,
Than him from whom ſuch Acts did flow,
As prov'd him God indeed.
Thoſe Thorns which his mild Temples tore,
That excruciating Pain,
Thoſe rending Agonies he bore,
Nought Mortal could ſuſtain;
Yet no Revenge did he require,
But univerſal Love,
With ſoft Compaſſion did inſpire,
And wing'd his Prayer above:

Receiving Vinegar and Gall
From the invet'rate Crew,
" 'Tis finiſh'd, Lord, forgive them all,
" They know not what they do !"
Tho' they reviled, ſcoff'd, and ſneer'd,
Nought the meek Lamb reply'd,
'Till the fix'd Hour he perſevered,
Then bow'd his Head and died.
Dead was the Lord of Life and Peace,
Who gives Heav'n's Sons their Birth,
Sudden the Courſe of Nature ceas'd,
Convulſions ſhook the Earth;
Rent was the Temple's Veil on high,
Terror on Mortals hurl'd,
Tremendous Clouds of darkeſt Dye
Enwrap'd the tott'ring World !
Earth's inmoſt Bowels were diſclos'd,
The Graves expanded wide;
The Bodies of the Saints aroſe,
Fear fell on every Side.

Smiting

Smiting their Breasts, th' astonish'd Croud
In wild Confusion rang,
And Jesus Christ proclaim'd aloud
To be both God and Man!
O sweet Reflection! soothing Sound!
The Lord gave up his Breath,
T' embalm the Mansions under Ground,
And gild the Vale of Death!
And Buried was, Mankind to free
From dread Corruption's spell,
From which, to raise our Bodies, *He*
Descended into Hell.
That Pardon all the Sons of Men,
And second Life might have,
On *the third Day he rose again,*
And triumph'd o'er the Grave.
The meanest Member shall partake
This with their living Head,
Death's Fetters break, Earth's Womb forsake,
Triumphant *from the Dead,*

Return,

Return, to receive the bright Reward,
Which ſhall to each be giv'n,
Who all forſook, obey'd the Lord,
And trod the Path to Heav'n.
When he aſcended, who ſuch Deeds
Of Grace and Peace had wrought,
That Tranſport of Delight exceeds
All reach of Human Thought,
Which by Saint, Angel, Cherubim,
And Seraphim was ſhown,
To greet their great all-conquering King,
Returning to his Throne;
Who, at his Chariot-Wheels, had led
Captivity enſlav'd,
Terror and Shame o'er Belial ſpread,
And helpleſs Mortals ſav'd
From Beelzebub's devouring Sway,
Within whoſe dark Domains,
His Range he bound, confirm'd his Stay,
And riveted his Chains.

Hence

Hence all who on his Name rely,
Shall, when Life's Struggles end,
Th' infernal Pow'rs combin'd defy,
And where he is aſcend.
He ſitteth now, in glorious State,
At the right Hand of God,
Having reſum'd his native Seat,
And primitive Abode;
The Veil wherein he hid below
His Majeſty, thrown by;
Forth from his Preſence Pleaſures flow,
Thro' all the Bleſs'd on high;
Where he ſuch Manſions does provide,
Such radiant Robes prepare,
For thoſe who in his Faith abide,
As dimns all Human Glare:
Still with *the Father*, inſtant he
Does for us interceed,
Almighty Mercy ſets us free,
And we are free indeed.

No Boon's too great to be desired,
Too precious to be given,
Sought thro' so constant, kind, untir'd,
And pow'rful Friend in Heav'n.

Then Fears, Distrust, and Doubting hence,
No more my Soul annoy;
For Jesus is my Confidence,
Present and future Joy.

Strong-hold, which I'll not quit, but trust
His Promise firm and sure;
Then, when my Frame returns to Dust,
He'll keep my Soul secure.

Our frail Complaints he deigns to hear
'Midst Sounds of Seraphs bright,
And stoops t' accept the fervent Prayer
From Heav'n's transcendent Height.

From thence he shall come forth in State
With flowing Garments red,
Whilst glorious Angels round him wait
To judge the Quick and Dead.

I ſhall behold him on the Throne,
To portion out my Lot,
Who did for all my Sins atone,
And waſh'd out ev'ry Spot.
Alone, exalted, in that Hour,
Will be the Saviour mild;
Who o'er my Crimes his Blood did pour,
And Juſtice reconcil'd.
Me, whom he ranſom'd, He'll receive,
Amongſt the Heav'nly Hoſt,
Becauſe, unwavering, *I believe*
Firm *in the Holy Ghoſt*;
The Lord, and Counſellor divine,
The Comforter, whereby,
Whilſt in our Souls his Preſence ſhine,
We, "Abba Father," cry.
Infuſion breath'd from Sion's Hill,
To guide our Steps aright,
Incline to Good, reſtrain from Ill,
And point to Realms of Light.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial Inmate ſtill draw near,
Preſide o'er all my Heart;
Govern each ſecret Movement there,
Nor e'en thy Charge deſert.
Kindled by thine enliv'ning Rays,
Thy animating Fires;
The Embers of Devotion blaze,
And ev'ry Thought aſpires.
Unleſs thy Fellowſhip divine,
The Heart of Man ſhou'd taſte,
The Soul would droop, deſpond, and pine,
A Deſert Barren waſte.
Wanting thy Uniſon likewiſe,
Imperfect e'en would be,
The Deity o'er Earth and Skies,
The ſelf-exiſtent Three.
Source of thoſe high and ample Pow'rs,
Structure which cannot fail,
And 'gainſt which all the daring Pow'rs
Of Hell ſhall not prevail.

The Holy Catholic Church, ſublime,
Planted by ſovereign Love,
To waft each Member ſafe thro' Time,
To join the Head above;
O'er which, the Sun of Righteouſneſs,
With pure reſplendant Light,
Riſes thoſe Errors to diſmiſs,
That cloud our mortal Sight;
Throughout which, to Earth's utmoſt Bounds,
The humble fervent Prayer
United, in one Concord ſounds,
And ſtrikes the Saviour's Ear;
Who all the humble Zeal and Love,
Prayers, Praiſes, and Complaints,
Which riſe from *the Communion of*
His perſevering *Saints*,
Bears to the general God of all,
Who kindly does accord,
T' attend the Suit of Great and Small,
Made thro' their Common Lord.

No

No Terrors can that Faith dismay
Which doth on him rely,
He *the Forgiveness* will convey
Of *Sins* of deepest Dye.

Their Reign despotick dispossess,
Their Furrows clean erase,
Thro' his imputed Righteousness
And all sufficient Grace:

Which to the natural Heart renew,
Does in large Currents flow,
And washes Crimes of Crimson Hue
As white as new fall'n Snow;

So as the Poles remotely stand,
And Earth's stretch'd Bound'ries keep,
Between lie countless Tracts of Land,
And the unfathom'd Deep;

Where the whole World of Waters wide,
In Swelling Surges roll,
So far shall he all Guilt divide,
And sep'rate from my Soul.

In *the* great *Reſurrection* Hour,
When all beneath the Skies,
With ev'ry former active Pow'r
Shall of the Body riſe.
Earth, Sea, and Flame, at once return,
All faithful to their Truſt,
The latent Pray, the long held Urn,
And ev'ry ſcatter'd Duſt,
Then rais'd to Glory, ever new,
All Clouds of Frailty flown,
We Face to Face the Lord ſhall view,
And know as we are known.
Who brought us thro' Time's boiſt'rous Main,
Safe to that peaceful Shore,
Where Perſecution, Sickneſs, Pain,
And Death, ſhall be no more.
There join'd to the harmonious Throng,
Which chant inceſſant Praiſe,
And ſtill renew the grateful Song
In ſoft reſponſive Lays.

In thoſe extatic Regions plac'd,
Where cluſt'ring Raptures grow;
The Pleaſures *and the Life* to taſte,
Angels and Seraphs know.
Subject to neither End nor Change,
Our Joys ſhall know no Bound;
Whilſt in Eternity we range,
An *everlaſting* Round.
Life everlaſting? O! my Soul,
Thy ev'ry Pow'r extend,
Of this unmeaſurable Whole,
The Sound to comprehend.
Say when Ten Thouſand Years of Joy
Have run their circ'ling Round;
Will that thy Term of Bliſs annoy?
Or its Duration wound;
Or when thereon whole Ages roll,
And in Progreſſion ſtand
Num'rous as Stars from Pole to Pole,
And countleſs as the Sand

Which loads the Margin of the Sea,
  Increaſing ſtill to View?
E'en ſo,—and much more endleſs they
  Their Courſes ſhall renew.
Fuition here ſhall never cloy
  The Strength, nor Pow'rs abate
Thoſe ſpringing Pleaſure to enjoy
  Which ne'er ſhall terminate,
Whilſt each delighted Tongue t' adore
  In Shouts of Praiſe, accord
The King who reigns for ever more,
  Amen, ſo be it Lord.

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

RESPLENDENT Rays of dazz'ling Light
Forth from its Fountain broke,
Upon th' aſtoniſh'd Patriarch's Sight,
When God to Mortal ſpoke;

Who

Who to Mount Sinai's Top, the Place
Directed, did aſcend,
Saw the Almighty Face to Face,
And talk'd as Friend to Friend.
Tho' Light'nings flaſh'd, and Thunders loud
Convuls'd the quakeing Ground,
Moſes approach'd the ſmokeing Cloud,
Whilſt Iſrael trembled round.
With the ſhrill Trumpet's Sacred Sound,
Jehovah then began,
In glorious Pomp, to uſher down
His perfect Law to Man.
" I am the Lord, who reſcu'd Thee
From Pharoah's cruel Hand,
Thy God, who ſet from Bondage free,
And out of Egypt's Land
Thee brought, with Liberty to bleſs;
My Name henceforth avow;

I.

No other Gods but Me confeſs;
Unto no other bow.

No

II.

No graven Images ſhall ſhare
Thy Worſhip, Fear, or Love,
Like aught that in the Waters are,
In Earth, or Heav'n above.
Nor vain Idolatry debaſe
Thy Soul, nor cloud thy Sight;
Nor Gods, inferior, in my Place,
Thy Services invite.
For of mine Honour, jealous I
The Lord thy God am grown;
The Father's dareing Sins ſhall lye
Upon the Children down.
Thro' diſtant Ages them purſue,
That hate my Laws and Name;
Whilſt Mercy I to Thouſands ſhew,
Who love and keep the ſame.

III.

From impious uſe, profane and bold,
Of God's high Name refrain;
Thy Lord will not him guiltleſs hold
Who taketh it in vain.

IV.

The Seventh's th' Sabbath Day, therein
For endleſs Reſt prepare,
Diveſt thee of each darling Sin,
And every worldly Care.

Be cleans'd from all polluted Spots;
In ſecret and abroad,
Speak not thy Words, nor think thy Thoughts,
But do the Work of God.

Six Days, thy Labours to purſue,
The Lord thy God allows;
The Seventh, the Sacrifice renew
Of thine unfeigned Vows.

Whereon by thou, thy Servants, Kine,
Thy Stranger, Daughter, Son,
And all within the Gates of thine,
No Labour ſhall be done.

For why? The Lord made in ſix Days
The ſpacious Heav'ns and Earth,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, gather'd the Seas,
And gave all Creatures Birth:

Their

Their Stations fix'd, plac'd Night and Day
In their alternate Rounds,
And caus'd the fluctuating Sea
To know her ſettled Bounds.
The Seventh Day, the Lord did reſt,
And gave his Labours o'er;
To all Mankind this Seaſon bleſs'd,
And hallow'd ever more.

V.

Unto thy Parents Honour due,
And filial Reverence pay,
Their Precepts mind, their Rules purſue,
And their Commands obey.
So ſhall thy Days unclouded ſtand,
Exempt from Blame, and be
Of long Duration in the Land,
Thy God doth give to thee.

VI.

Another's Life thou ſhalt not ſeek,
Nor wiſh his Days decreaſe;
Nor by injurious Treatment break,
Nor wound thy Neighbour's peace.

From

VII.

From ev'ry lewd laſcivious Thought
Back let thy Mind recede;
And keep thy Soul from the foul Spot
Of an Adult'rous Deed.

VIII.

What is another's Property
Steal not, nor yet deſtroy;
With Peace, all that's beſtow'd on thee,
And Gratitude, enjoy.

IX.

Forth from thy Lips no Evidence
Unjuſt, nor falſe ſhall flow,
Tho' to revenge the worſt Offence
Of thy moſt deadly Foe.

X.

What e'er thy Neighbour doth poſſeſs,
Houſe, Servants, Wife, or Kine,
Let not thy ſecret Thoughts confeſs
A Wiſh, aught's his were thine."

This

Thus we receiv'd Heav'n's great Command,
To th' Patriarch's Care alone
Committed, wrought by God's own Hand
Upon the yielding Stone;
Which, to the Holy Impreſs true,
The Sacred Stamp retains,
And holds a Role to Mortals' View
Which Life and Death explains.
But who amongſt the Human Race,
Since Time its Courſe begun,
Cou'd ſtand before God's awful Face,
And ſay, "All this I've done."?
By Nature all imperfect we,
And numerous are our Faults;
Great Lord! in mercy ſet us free,
And cleanſe our ſecret Thoughts.
To thee our inmoſt Hearts are bare,
And known is each Deſire;
O! breathe thy holy Spirit there,
And perfect Love inſpire.

To thee and thy Commands divine,
That Path which leads on high,
Where never-ceaſing Joys combine,
Which Time and Change defy:
Obtain'd by Chriſt, the Prince of Peace,
Thro' Nature's weary Strife,
To crown our Fruit to Holineſs
With everlaſting Life.

ON

ON

TE DEUM.

WITH Praiſe we here approach thy Throne,
And joyfully accord
T' acknowledge Thee, O God, alone
The everlaſting Lord;
Father whom all the Earth doth ſerve,
Heav'n's Powers, all Angels high,
With Cherubin and Seraphim,
Unceaſing magnify;

Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord
Of Sabaoth, God and King,
And the extended Earth abroad
Doth with Hoſannas ring:

Thro' which the faithful Saints declare
The Glories of thy Name,
And the wing'd Warblers of the Air
Re-echo back thy Fame.

Thoſe Manſions where bleſt Spirits dwell,
With Shouts of Praiſe reſound,
And all the Tribes conſpire to ſwell
The glad Majeſtic Sound.

The Apoſtles' glorious Company,
And holy Prophets join,
T' attune their grateful Notes to Thee
In Melody divine.

Likewiſe the noble Army there,
Who all thy Foes withſtood,
Did Martyrdom undaunted bear,
And ſeal'd their Faith with Blood.

The holy Church throughout the Earth,
Thy Glory doth proclaim,
Infinite Father, who gave Birth
To Majeſty ſupreme.

From Sin's fell Curſe, to ſet us free,
Thou gav'ſt, and didſt not ſpare
This, of thy Truth and Verity,
Hereditary Heir.

We do the Holy Ghoſt confeſs,
The Comforter benign;
Who from the Soul all Doubts doth chaſe
With Influence divine.

From Thee, O Chriſt! what Bleſſings ſpring,
What Wonders haſt thou done,
Of all thy Father's Glory King,
His everlaſting Son.

When Man incur'd eternal Pain
Of Sin, the certain Doom
To free him, thou didſt not diſdain
The humble Virgin's Womb.

Death's ſharpeſt Pangs thou didſt abide,
Its poignant Sting withdrew,
Then open to Believers wide
The Gates of Heav'n didſt throw.

Encompaſs'd in his Glory bright,
At the right Hand of God
Thou ſitteſt, cloath'd with dazzling Light,
And Angels wait thy Nod.

Attended by that radient Train,
Thy Kingdom to complete;
We know that thou ſhalt come again,
And fill the Judgment Seat.

Humbly we at thy Footſtool bend,
Behold us Lord, we pray;
Thy Pity to our Souls extend;
Turn not thine Ears away.

Thy Servants help, redeeming Blood
As purifying Rain
Diſpenſe, nor let that precious Flood
Be pour'd for them in vain:

But in the Number of thy Saints,
Lord, let their Names be found;
Where Pleaſure baniſhes Complaints,
And endleſs Joys abound.
Save all thy People who alone
Repoſe their Truſt in Thee;
And bleſs thine Heritage, who own
No other Gods but Thee.
Govern, and by thy Spirit draw,
And guide them with thine Eye,
And lift them up from every Foe,
And every Danger nigh,
For ever; whilſt from Day to Day
Thy Praiſes we'll reſound,
And never-ending Worſhip pay
Thro' Space which knows no Bound.
Vouchſafe, O Lord, to keep us clear
This Day from Sin's Controul;
Let thy bleſt Inſpiration chear,
And renovate each Soul.

Abſorpt our Faults in Love divine,
From Bondage ſet us free,
And let thy Mercy o'er us ſhine
E'en as we truſt in Thee.

O Lord I truſt alone in Thee,
On Thee my Hope is ſtay'd;
Draw near, and let me never be
Confounded nor Diſmay'd.

THOSE

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON THE CERTAINTY OF

A FUTURE STATE.

ADDRESSED TO

A FREE THINKER.

THOSE who no future Hope nor Fear confeſs,
No Hell to puniſh, and no Heav'n to bleſs,
Self-confident and daring ſtand aloof,
Avoid Inſtruction, and deſpiſe Reproof;
Each ſolemn Bond of Chriſtian Faith explode,
Renounce their Saviour, and abjure their God;
Audaciouſly his awful Name invoke,
And turn the ſacred Records to a Joke;

Which

Which they peruſe to aid their vain Diſcourſe,
And wriſt, to give their impious Reas'nings Force,
By wantonly inverting its Deſign,
And contradicting all it does injoin:
Term it a Subject, emptier than the Wind,
A Bugbear ſuited to the tim'rous Mind;
Fit only for th' enthuſiaſtic Ear,
What none but ſuch ſhou'd condeſcend to hear:
Not thoſe who nobly on themſelves rely,
T' Day to Revel, and To-morrow Die;
Quitting their Proſpects when Life's Frolick's o'er,
For when they're laid in Duſt they'll riſe no more.
Tenets like thoſe, deluded Wretch! are thine,
Sworn Foe to all that's Holy and Divine;
Proficient in the Atheiſtic School,
Oppoſer ſtrong of every Chriſtian Rule;
Slave to the Caprice of a vicious Mind,
Which Reaſon does not ſway, nor Honour bind:
T' Oppreſſion eager, to ſtrict Juſtice ſlow;
Falſhoods from thee in conſtant Currents flow.

For

For why? The preſent Hour being all thy Care,
Thou think'ſt alike of Perjury and Pray'r.
To what Extremes may not that Heart incline,
Uncurb'd by Laws, or moral or divine;
(E'en plain Morality thou ſcorn'ſt, for fear
It ſhou'd too much the Garb of Virtue wear)
When an Hereafter's baniſh'd from the Soul,
And it breaks looſe from Virtue's mild Controul.
Paſſion and Pride uſurp the vacant Seat,
Malignant Envy, and vindictive Heat:
What Miſchiefs may ſuch Principles deviſe?
From thence what Ills to Church and State ariſe?
If Means preſent to make a People groan,
And Monarch ſit unſafe upon his Throne,
Void of the Fear of God, nought wou'd them ſtay,
When Luſts excite, and Intereſt gilds their Way.
Allegiance due can't to a King be giv'n
By thoſe who brave the Majeſty of Heav'n,
And breaks each Human Tie, and prudent Plan,
Form'd to Cement, and Rivet Man to Man:

But whilst from Crime to Crime you rapid go,
And Head-long rush to everlasting Woe;
Sunk in Intemperance, deep immers'd in Sin,
Is there no Fear? no secret Check within?
Does Conscience never exercise her Pow'rs,
And thunder loudly in thy Midnight Hours?
Or dost thou bravely still her Force repress,
And stifle in Debauch'ry and Excess,
That envious Guest, which fain wou'd intervene,
To interrupt the present Halcyon Scene?
That Treasury where thou hoard'st all thy Bliss;
Trusting to know no other World than this?
Mistaken Soul! back from the Brink of Hell
Retreat! reflect 'gainst whom thou dost rebell!
Cast round thine Eyes, above, below, abroad,
Nature itself will guide thee to a God;
Whose plenteous Fountain open'd wide for Sin,
And spotted Lepers bid to plunge therein.
He by his omnipotent Self hath sworn,
T' accept the Sinner when he will return.

Then

Then Pardon humbly ſue, Mercy implore,
Before the ſwift-wing'd Day of Grace is o'er.
For ſure as thou ſurvey'ſt the ſpacious Earth,
Sure as a *Something* gave Creation Birth,
Sure as the radient Sun lights up the Morn,
And fainter Beams the milder Eve adorn,
Sure as one Seaſon for the next makes way,
Or Day gives place to Night, and Night to Day,
So ſure Eternity ſhall Time ſucceed,
And thou be call'd t' account for ev'ry Deed;
Which, tho' envelop'd from the Sight of Man,
The omni-preſent Eye of Heav'n doth ſcan;
Knows thy Eſſays, ſtrict Juſtice to defeat,
Thy Balance falſe, and all thy Weights deceit.
He ſees thee wallowing on th' adulterous Bed,
Whilſt Darkneſs ſhadows thy irreverent Head
From Human Eyes, thence does thy Steps ſurvey,
And read'ſt thy Thoughts when muſing, to betray
Thy baſe Attempts, to injure and undoe,
And Perfidies are open to his View:

Who hears thee falſely brand thy Neighbour's Name,
Traduce e'en Angels, and the Saints defame;
Swift to their Goal thy fleeting Days do run,
And quickly will thy Thread of Life be ſpun.
That Frame ſhall ſleep in Death's encircling Arms,
And the gay World be loſt with all her Charms;
Yet thy immortal Soul no Sleep ſhall know,
But wake and gaze, whether it wou'd or no.
Then ſhalt thou ſee, unveil'd, thoſe Heav'nly Bow'rs,
Its numerous Hoſts, and all th' Angelic Pow'rs;
Which to ſupport thy wild ludicrous Theme,
Thou now declar'ſt to be a Dotard's Dream,
Or Fancy, which the taſteleſs Soul purſues,
And Gowns-Men urge for mercenary Views.
Thou alſo ſhalt behold a yawning Hell,
Where Devils and infernal Spirits dwell;
And wretched Souls howl in Deſpair and Grief,
For Life and Death ſhut up in Unbelief:
No middle State appears 'twixt Bliſs and Pain;
In one of thoſe thy Lot is to remain

For ever! O what agonizing Smart!
What Terrors will aſſail thy trembling Heart?
And Storms of Heav'n's vindictive Thunder roll
Acroſs thine heretofore unſhaken Soul.
If thou ſhou'd'ſt die in unremitted Sin,
The God thou trod'ſt on, will not take thee in;
That Saviour who ſo oft, now in the Fleſh,
Thy bold Offences crucify afreſh,
Will then withhold his purifying Blood,
And from thy Soul, reſtrain the Crimſon Flood.
Now with extended Arms, he waits for Thee,
Crying, Return! why perſecut'ſt thou Me?
Repentance to no future Time poſtpone;
For while you heſitate, the Hour comes on:
Death, as a Thief, when Slumbers bind the Guard,
Steals on the obſtinately Unprepar'd.
Then all Attempts will be in Vain to ſave
Thy Soul; there's no Repentance in the Grave:
Haſte then thyſelf to God to reconcile,
Leave off to do ſo wickedly and vile;

For Injuries to Heav'n and Man, reſtore,
And with high Hand tranſgreſs again no more:
Then thou in Peace ſhalt cloſe thy mortal Eyes,
And meet Eternity without Surprize.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 11, Line 11,—*For* reſign'd, *read* reſign'dſt.

12, 14,—*For* No, *read* To.

27, 19,—*For* gloomy, *read* ſerious.

33, 11,—*For* hopes, *read* hope.

35, 1,—*For* joys, *read* joy.

89, 14,—*For* tho' *read* thro'.

— 15,—*For* reſtrains us, *read* reſtrain us.

105, 4,—*For* e'en, *read* e'er.

— 18,—*For* Structure, *read* Structures.

110 5,—*For* Fuition, *read* Fruition.

— 7,—*For* Pleaſure, *read* Pleaſures.

119 7,—*For* With, *read* Whom.

122 2,—*For* withdrew, *read* withdraw.

124 1,—*For* abſorpt, *read* abſorb.

ERRATA.

Page 11, Line 11,—For refug'd, read refug'dst.

12, 14,—For No, read To.

27, 19,—For gloomy, read luscious.

33, 11,—For hope, read hope.

37, 1,—For joys, read joy.

89, 14,—For tho' read thro'.

—, 15,—For veduins ue, read veduin ue.

105, 4,—For e'en, read e'er.

—, 18,—For Structure, read Structures.

110 5,—For Tuition, read Fruition.

— 7,—For [illegible] read Ticulures.

119 7,—For With, read Wilom.

122 2,—For withdrew, read withdraw.

124 1,—For adhore, read adhorb.

23 JY 68